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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Vol. XXXIV.—No. 88.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



THE DISADVANTAGES OF A DOUBLE DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENT—MR. HOBART, A SOLID MAN OF BOSTON, TRIES A LITTLE EXPERIMENT IN MORMONISM, ON THE QUIET, WHICH PROCEEDS TO THE EMINENT SATISFACTION OF ALL CONCERNED UNTIL THE INVESTIGATION OF A DISINTERESTED PAUL PRY CONJURE UP THE APPALLING APPARITION OF THE MISTRESS OF HOUSEHOLD NUMBER ONE AT FIRESIDE NUMBER TWO.—SEE PAGE 2



# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

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One copy, one year.....\$4.00  
One copy, six months.....2.00  
One copy, three months.....1.00  
Single copies.....Ten Cents  
To Clubs a liberal discount will be allowed.  
Postage runs to all subscribers in the United States.  
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the publisher, 2, 4 and 6 Reade street, (P. O. Box 40) New York city.  
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or Post Office money order.

The Trade Supplied by American News Co., New York, or any of their Branches.

## To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

## Answers to Correspondents.

L. E. H., Whiting, Ala.—Account already published.  
V. S. H., Fort Valley, Ga.—Could not find room for it this week.  
B. C. R., Columbus Junction, Iowa.—Matter is of local interest only.  
V. F., Topeka, Kan.—Portraits and brief sketches appear: thanks.  
J. C. M., Boonville, Mo.—See account, with illustration and portrait, elsewhere.  
W. R. B., Concord, Ky.—Cannot perceive any point for illustration in the article.  
W. B. D., Bryan, Tex.—Have already published the account. Could not make use of sketch.  
Iago, Independence, Kan.—Will communicate with you by mail concerning the subject of last letter.  
W. R., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Had the matter in print when your account arrived. Thanks for attention all the same.  
R. N. A., Starkville, Miss.—Had published full account of the affair some weeks ago, and portraits have lost their interest.  
Porsing, Cheyenne, Wyo. T.—Attention appreciated, but don't go much on "Injun" business. Other items already published.  
ALPHA, Knoxville.—Could find no room for the illustration this week on account of press of matter of more general interest.  
R. C. G., Nashville, Tenn.—Will accept whatever items you may send that are fresh and interesting. Can say nothing more definite.  
J. C. H., Cleburne, Tex.—Have plenty of material relating to the occurrence, but you still have us in doubt as to the identity of the portrait.  
A. C. M., Atlanta, Ga.—Much obliged, but don't want it. Can't see what possible interest such a thing would be to any one either there or here.  
P. M. L., Sidney, Iowa.—To the best of our knowledge the concern is as reliable as it is possible for such concerns to be, but do not vouch for it.  
E. H. B., Echo, Kan.—That portrait of the "Judge" and the pedestrian business may constitute a good local joke, but it is a little too thin for this climate.  
L. J. S., San Francisco.—Yes, if the matter has not already been published by us, as we are inclined to think it has, from what little you give us in regard to it.  
A. M. G., Kingston, N. Y.—Portraits do not possess enough general interest for publication in our columns; other portraits alluded to have not been received.  
W. P. H., Osgood, Ind.—Your letter had a roundabout course before reaching us, being directed to "Cincinnati." Consequently the item was behind date by this delay.  
S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Have sent you check for balance; will send other on receipt of matter. Please acknowledge both at once, and send sketches and portraits promptly.  
R. M. B., Boston.—Article published with illustration. If you can give us fuller account of later developments, and, particularly, if you can obtain portraits, do so by all means.  
J. P. Z., Mountain Home, Pa.—Send it along and we will see what it is good for. Matters sent not used. Rarely publish casualties unless attended by very unusual circumstances.  
J. E. B., Columbia, Mo.—Account with illustration published. Thanks for the attention. Let us hear from you further on the subject. Please announce the publication to all interested.  
J. W. G., Salt Lake City, U. T.—Account of occurrence with portrait was at hand before yours arrived. Thanks for attention; would like you to act for us in your section if agreeable; will send paper.  
J. G. M., Sedalia, Mo.—Brief account of the occurrence published elsewhere, previously received from another source. If you can obtain portraits will be glad to have them, however, if sent promptly.  
S. G., Kansas City, Mo.—Send sketch of locality and relative positions. Do not care if it is the merest outline, so that it is accurate. Of course, any one of average intelligence can make up such a one.  
MONTGOMERY, Limestone, N. Y.—Cannot insert a personal article of that nature from an unknown correspondent without a voucher, either in the shape of a publication of facts in a local paper or of the writer's responsibility.  
J. G. S., Dubuque, Ia.—As the guilt of the party, judging from the contradictory newspaper accounts inclosed, does not appear to be well established, should prefer not to publish portrait at present. Much obliged though for the attention.

## TWO REMARKABLE MURDER TRIALS.

Two remarkable murder trials, both occurring in the immediate vicinity of this city, are noted in our columns this week. To one of these, the arraignment of Mrs. Jennie R. Smith and her alleged paramour, Covert D. Bennett, in the Hudson county court, in Jersey City, on the charge of the murder of the husband of the former, Police Officer Richard H. Smith, we have devoted a considerable portion of our space, both in giving a comprehensive review of the trial up to the time of going to press, and in presenting full and accurate sketches of noteworthy scenes in the court-room, and authentic portraits of the victim of the mysterious tragedy, the accused parties and the prominent legal gentlemen connected with the case.

At this writing the result is in doubt, though indications point to a disagreement, if not to an acquittal. It is a very risky thing to speculate on the action of juries, but it scarcely seems probable that, on the flimsy evidence thus far presented by the prosecution, twelve men of average qualities of head and heart can be found to take the responsibility of consigning two fellow-beings to the gallows or a life imprisonment, however strong their personal belief in the guilt of the accused may be. The fact is that the case is an exceedingly weak one on both sides, and, though the admissions of Bennett as to the evidently strong affection of the pair for each other and of their criminal intimacy is an undeniably damaging point, as exhibiting a motive for the murder, it is yet insufficient of itself to convict them in a court of justice.

On the other hand, the prosecution has utterly failed to bring anything directly implicating Bennett as the murderer. If his alibi was not fully established, the prosecution was unable, at all events, to completely break it down or to show any circumstance whatever proving his presence in Jersey City on the fatal night. Neither did it succeed in overthrowing Mrs. Smith's account of her actions on that night, or in discovering any evidences of blood about the clothing of either, or other strong indications of their guilt. In fact, the knowledge of their illicit relations is about the only point worthy of consideration arrayed against the accused, and that is evidence of too flimsily circumstantial a character, we believe, to move a jury, in this age, to assume the awful responsibility of a conviction, when the many terrible mistakes that have been made upon much weightier circumstances in courts of law are recalled to the minds of the jurors. Such is the aspect of the case as it is presented to our judgment at this writing. Before this issue meets the eyes of our readers, in all probability, the jury will have passed upon that judgment by their action in the premises.

The other case alluded to is that of Edward Reinhardt, on trial at Richmond, Staten Island, for the murder of his wife in July last. It will be remembered that the remains of the unfortunate woman, packed in a barrel, and buried at Silver Lake, were accidentally discovered by some boys while playing near the spot, and the tragedy, designated as the "Silver Lake mystery," exciting as it did, from the singular circumstances surrounding it, a far more than ordinary interest throughout the country, seemed likely to pass into the list of hidden crimes of which our criminal record exhibits far too large a showing. It was by the merest accident that it was ever brought to light at all, and it was a very clever bit of detective work that traced it to a definite point.

Reinhardt, the accused, has heretofore either maintained silence on the subject or stoutly asserted his innocence, but in the face of the evidence his denial of knowledge of the matter could not hold. His admission, therefore, that he had concealed the body of his wife, as described, caused little surprise, though it constituted a very sensational episode of the trial. His declaration that she was the victim of malpractice, procured by herself and without his knowledge or connivance and that his concealment of the body was inspired by fear of his being implicated in the fatal consequences of the abortion was, however, a point the falsity of which further investigation has exhibited.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

Citizens of New York will doubtless be pleased to obtain a glimpse of the ideas of Police Commissioners respecting the comparative degrees of misdemeanor on the part of police captains, as regards breaking the heads of said citizens without provocation, and using damns with "big, big D's" to subordinate employees in the offices of the city government. The latest trial of Captain Williams, the champion clubber, settles that question. In the first instance it is certain acquittal, with inferential commendation. In the latter-named grave offense, so seriously is its atrocious character regarded by the Commissioners, that they visit the wrath of justice upon him to the full extent of inflicting a fine of ten days' pay. To be sure, this is not so crushing as it might be, in the case of wealthy Williams, but in the case of a less affluent officer we don't know how hard it might go.

## Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.]  
Two figures, as well known to theatre-goers

throughout this country as to call for little comment in presenting them to our readers, adorn our gallery this week, namely, those of Miss Emily Soldene, the famous English opera bouffe artist, and Miss Leona Dare, the beautiful and daring female athlete and trapeze performer.

Miss Soldene is an English lady, and had achieved an extended reputation in her line of the profession in her native land before her advent on our shores. At the beginning of her career she devoted herself to the legitimate opera and made a decided hit on her debut in the role of *Lucena* in "Il Trovatore," at Drury Lane Theatre, London. She early discovered the possibilities of the rising line of opera bouffe, for which she evinced a decided capacity and taste. She made her first appearance in it at the Standard Theatre, London, in 1869, as *La Grande Duchesse*, her success in which determined her after course. Her first visit to this country was made in August, 1874. Her transatlantic reputation was at once indorsed by critics and the public, and she speedily became a popular favorite, a position she still retains.

Miss Leona Dare is known everywhere as the most daring and graceful female athlete in the profession. As a trapeze performer it is conceded that she is with, out an equal among her sex. Further than this, she is one of the most beautiful and admirably formed women in any line of the profession, and, in private life, bears an enviable reputation for the possession of all the wifely and domestic virtues that are the crowning glory of her sex.

## A Man of Two Households.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]  
Boston, May 19.—Mr. Hobart is, or was, one of the proverbially "solid men of Boston." Perhaps it is better, if we observe a strict regard to facts and circumstances, to put it in the past tense, as those who are acquainted with the recent developments in a divorce case in high life, now in progress, which, although the effort to keep it strictly from the view of profane outside eyes has been thus far partially successful, is likely eventually to become, more or less, public property, would be very likely to feel that said solidly had become very materially weakened by said developments.

Now Mr. Hobart is, or was, a merchant in first-class business standing, a deacon in high church repute, and a citizen of unquestionable position in all the social relations of civilized life. In the ultra-respectable part of the city he resided, in ultra-respectable style. His household arrangements were quite the proper caper in all respects. His wife, a robust matron, who had borne him seven children during their thirty-five years of married life, was a fitting mate for him, somewhat inclined to strong-minded vagaries, prominent in church and social matters, a leader in her circle, with a leaning towards "culture" and the isms of the day, and a well developed argumentative talent—quite a typical Boston woman, in fact. During the past five years, it is, as Mrs. H. now recalls, Mr. H. has been subject to periodical business calls, at frequent intervals, which took him much of his time from home. These, she has since observed, increased in frequency and length, of later times. Still the plea of business was sufficient to render her mind perfectly easy upon the matter until a flood of light was let in upon her blindness by one of those kindly, self-sacrificing souls who are sure to be encountered by every human being at some period of his or her career, and who make it their business, at all hazards, and regardless of trouble, to interest themselves in yours, regarding something whereof you are in deplorable ignorance. The result of this revelation resulted later in the turning on of a moral Niagara in the Hobart household, which has eventuated in the divorce suit above alluded to. This kind friend, it appears, had industriously investigated Mr. Hobart's business trips to such excellent purpose that, under his guidance, one night about a fortnight since, during one of Mr. Hobart's business absences, she flamed into a cosy little cottage in the suburbs, like a spirit of wrath, rushed, unannounced, into the sitting-room and there, in speechless rage, took in a scene which more than realized her direst anticipations. Amidst the appointments of a bona-fide domestic fire-side, and all in the best style, sat Mr. H., in dressing-gown and slippers, in an easy chair, before a comfortable fire, paper in hand, a lovely young woman, in charming dishabille, reclining in his arms in the abandon of conjugal confidence, while on a table were the remains of a luxurious meal, just finished, and even a chubby baby calmly sleeping in its cradle beside them, left nothing to complete the domestic picture. Words are feeble to describe the ensuing scene, to which, under the circumstances, the suit in question was the only possible denouement.

## William Muldoon, the Champion Police Athlete.

[With Portrait.]

In our last issue we gave an account, with illustration and portraits of the contestants of the long-anticipated Græco-Roman wrestling match between Thiebaut Bauer, the famous French wrestler, and William Muldoon, the champion athlete of the New York police force, which came off at Gilmore's Garden, in this city, on the night of the 14th inst., resulting, after a long and stubbornly contested struggle, in a victory for Muldoon. On another page of the current issue we present a handsome portrait of the latter, in wrestling costume, which exhibits to fine advantage the splendid athletic figure of the popular police champion.

## Joke by a Jail-Bird.

A muscular youth named James O'Brien robbed the till of an old couple named Michael and Bridget Rice, who kept a little grocery store at 323 East Thirty-fourth street, on the 25th ult. The sum stolen was \$34. The prisoner was tried in the court of general sessions, on the 21st, and when placed on the stand denied his guilt.

"Where have you been, O'Brien?" asked Assistant District Attorney Bell, in cross-examination, "say for the last three years."

"Oh," answered the prisoner, "I have been making mate with my father."

"Is that all?"

"Well, I have been in the country."

"Where in the country?" inquired Mr. Bell.

"In Cayuga, making axes for a contractor."

"What contractor?"

"Sheldon."

"Why, sir, were you not convicted of burglary in '76, and sentenced to two years and six months?"

"I told you so," replied the prisoner, with the appearance of injured innocence: "Auburn prison is in Cayuga county."

This admission created a roar of laughter. The prisoner was convicted and sent to the state prison for four years.

## Cash Greenwald, a Notorious Western Desperado.

[With Portrait.]

Cash Greenwald, whose portrait appears elsewhere, is an excellent type of the characteristic desperado, who constitutes one of the pests of our frontier sections. Greenwald formerly figured as a cow-boy and scout, but the inherent recklessness and cruelty of his character has carried him into bloody adventures enough to fill a book of thrilling narrative. Among the most dastardly of his sanguinary crimes was the unprovoked shooting, on March 29th last, of a negro named Jim Johnson. Not satisfied with murdering the defenseless black, Greenwald severed the head of his victim from his body with a knife, threw it in a sack and carried it into Kinsley, Kansas, near where the cruel deed was perpetrated, where he exhibited the ghastly trophy of his barbarity, with the tongue and eyes protruding, to the horrified passers-by, with the remark, "Here is beef for your dogs." No attempt was made to arrest him for this outrageous crime until the 3rd inst., when he was captured and locked up in the jail at Kinsley for examination on the charge of murder.

## A Regular Army Soldier Killed by an Officer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At Fort Griffin, Texas, on the 9th inst., Captain Lincoln, of the Tenth United States Infantry, while in a store making some purchases, encountered one Charles McCaffrey, a private soldier of Company A, Twenty-second Infantry. McCaffrey was drunk and quarrelsome and attempted to force a difficulty upon Captain Lincoln, grossly insulting and abusing him. The latter tried to avoid words with him and led him out of the store to show him his regiment. When they reached the sidewalk McCaffrey struck the captain on the chin, knocking him down. Lincoln, as soon as he arose, drew a revolver and fired, the ball striking McCaffrey in the neck and inflicting a wound from which he died in about twenty-two hours. Captain Lincoln was on the point of starting for Michigan with his regiment, but was at once arrested and detained. He was put on trial for the homicide, and on the 19th the jury in the case, after six hours deliberation, brought in a verdict of acquittal.

## Franz Ruziska, "Crooked" Horse Operator.

[With Portrait.]

Franz Ruziska, a notorious western horse-thief, who fled to Europe and recently fell into the hands of the authorities in Zurich, Switzerland, was arrested in Chicago on May 4th, 1877, a reward of \$300 being offered for his apprehension by Dr. Shroust and Thomas Buntain, of Mokena, Ill. His captor was Major Hinzeman, detective of the Central Station, in Chicago. He was taken to Mokena and there tried, but was acquitted, because Detective Hinzeman failed to appear. Ruziska then went to Germany, where he committed forgery, after which he escaped to Zurich, Switzerland, and was captured by the police there. The consul at Zurich wrote to the police authorities of Chicago for his record, which was sent to them. Ruziska is a desperate man, and is noted for his great strength. When Hinzeman arrested him in Chicago he tried to get away, but was unable to escape the clutch of the major. Ruziska's portrait is given on another page.

## Dr. J. F. Vanhorn, Alleged Bigamist.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of Dr. J. F. Vanhorn, now in jail at Lyons, Rice county, Kansas, awaiting trial on the charge of bigamy. At least four wives are in the account against him and it is supposed that the returns are not as yet all in. He professes to be a veterinary surgeon, by virtue of which he assumes his medical title, and has likewise figured variously as a tape-worm exterminator and lecturer on temperance and moral subjects. He is charged with having made a brutal attempt to murder one of his victims by forcing her to swallow a corrosive acid, for which crime, however, he was never brought to punishment. He has been in durance several times before, but, having developed considerable talent as a jail-breaker, in addition to his numerous other accomplishments, he managed to make his way out. He is now, however, very likely to be securely held until his trial for the many crimes with which he is charged.

## A Big Risk for a Big Stake.

J. Hammerschlag, a gentleman representing a New York diamond house, arrived at Lexington, Ky., on the seven o'clock train from Louisville a few evenings ago, and put up at the Phoenix Hotel. He had with him a trunk containing diamonds to the value of \$25,000. Owing to races then in progress the house was crowded to its full capacity, and he was accommodated with the only available room on the top floor. After supper he walked out, but hearing the alarm of fire, he returned to find the hotel wrapped in flames. He offered \$100 to have the trunk rescued but no one responded. Resolving that the loss should not be made if a daring effort would prevent, he secured a fireman's cloak, went into the burning building alone, and, after a period of painful suspense to the anxious crowd, returned with the treasure, hardly reaching the ground when the side of the building on which his room was located crumbled to the ground.



## DISGUSTING DEPRAVITY.

Insane Revengeful Freak of a Beautiful and Accomplished Young Girl the Spoiled Darling of

AN ARISTOCRATIC FAMILY,

To Mortify whom, in Retaliation for Restraining her in her Downward Course, she Elopes from her Luxurious Home

WITH A BRUTAL, ILLITERATE NEGRO.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 16.—The little town of Beaver, near here, is in a terrible state of excitement. One of the prettiest, wealthiest, best known and really accomplished young ladies of the town left her father's house and deliberately married a negro, who is as ugly and ignorant as he is black. For some time past Miss Annie Mason had given her parents a great deal of trouble by her reckless, wayward conduct, but being an only daughter she was spoiled by indulgence. Her father is United States storekeeper in Indiana county, but lives in Beaver, and is wealthy. Her uncle is ex-Chief Justice Daniel Agnew, of the Supreme Court, and the family is really one of the best in this part of the state. Mrs. George Jones, lately Miss Annie Mason, is twenty years old, is symmetrically formed and is a brunette with large eyes and an exceedingly pretty face. She had a quarrel with her parents on Wednesday night, and early yesterday morning she left her home and met George Jones,

A COARSE, ILLITERATE NEGRO COAL-DIGGER. She had an appointment with the negro which she had made by some unknown means during the night. At five o'clock in the morning Jones and another negro, accompanied by Miss Mason, went to Rochester, which is about a mile from Beaver, and hurried to the house of a colored clergyman, who married Jones to Miss Mason in the presence of a couple of white men who were called in to act as witnesses.

The couple then took the next train back to Beaver, where Jones hired a room in a small house, which has only three rooms in it, two of which were already occupied by negro families. The reckless girl sent home for her trunk, piano and some of the ornaments from her room, and this was the first intimation her mother had of the marriage. Her mother tried to persuade her daughter to return to her home, but she refused. Her father was not at home and knew nothing of the affair. It is not known how Miss Mason became acquainted with Jones, or where she ever met him.

Threats were openly made by the young men of Beaver of tarring and feathering Jones and driving him out of the town.

Up to the present time, however, nothing has been done, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones are living in their squalid, foul-smelling, tiny room, while the wayward girl's mother is lying at her elegant home crazy with brain fever brought on by Annie's conduct.

Miss Mason, for the last three years has caused her parents unspeakable anxiety by persisting in her strange career of dissipation. Some fifteen months ago she became the mother of a little girl, and after the shock of the disgrace was somewhat tempered by time, she revealed as the name of her seducer, a young law student in Attorney Wilson's office at Beaver. The matter was brought before the court, and he, refusing to admit his guilt, went to jail and served out his time.

Her three brothers occupy positions of public esteem, two of them being talented members of the Beaver county bar, and one an accomplished Philadelphia physician. They, as have the rest of the family, remonstrated with her in vain. She was deaf alike to each, wringing the hearts of her parents with anguish by her unreasonable conduct and evil course.

She had been absent from home several days this week, and it is commonly reported her brother from Philadelphia, who was home on a visit, proceeded to administer a severe personal chastisement, which is supposed to have inspired her with this insane mode of revenge by inflicting such a frightful degradation upon herself and family.

#### "English Jimmy's" Last Ride.

James Brant, or, as he was better known, "English Jimmy," was a Montana stage-driver. Many years ago he took the reins on the route between Butte and Deer Lodge, and served the public faithfully. Jimmy's horses loved his affectionate pat and stroke about as much as they did their oats. He rarely used the whip, carrying it, indeed, for the purpose of playing tunes with the lash in the sharp mountain air. On the morning of the 6th instant Jimmy's four horses jolted out of Butte with a coach load of men, women and children. A passenger sat with him on the box. The stage swept along the road at a good gait and soon the first relay, Girard's, was reached. The horses were changed. Jimmy remarked that the new horses were not his old friends, but strange to him. He directed the stableman to arrange the harness carefully, as the team was evidently spirited. When all was ready a mischievous boy called out, "Now you go, Jimmy!" at the same time slapping one of the leaders with his hand. The leader reared and shot headlong away. The four horses sprang immediately into a dead run. Jimmy threw his every muscle into the lines. He called out, "Steady, down there!" for the benefit of the passengers, gritted his teeth and bent to his task. The horses dashed on at the top of their speed. They were crossing a level plain and making dead for a narrow gully, down which the road ran before it crossed an insecure, unvalled bridge. Jimmy fixed his eyes on a farm-house in the distance and on his route. He knew that if he could rein his horses through several piles of soft grass-shocks near the house he could save his passengers. He told the men

to be ready to jump as they ran through the grass. "Take the babies," said he, and as the coach swerved under his powerful arm and ran among the shocks the passengers leaped or rolled out, some bruised, but none badly hurt. A few minutes later Jimmy's body was picked up under the bridge from which the coach had been thrown to the rocks below. The poor fellow's legs and arms were broken. The Montana Miner says that he uttered one sentence, "Girard, this is Jimmy's last ride, but he did his duty." He died in an hour.

#### PUT UP FOR PICKLES.

Mysterious Discovery of a Dead Man's Bones that had been Boxed up and Shipped as an Innocent Freight.

"I wasn't scared; no, not in the least," said Mr. Forbes, the purser of the steamer New Bedford, belonging to the New Bedford and New York Steamship Company, "when our agent at New Bedford, with whom I was walking, put his foot through the head of a pickle-keg that had laid unclaimed on the wharf for so long that I hardly can recollect when it wasn't there, only as we both caught sight of the interior of a human skull, from which the top rolled off and fell on the wharf inside up like a platter, there was a stampede to the other end, where we pulled up against the barrier and looked at one another askance. 'Are you sure?' we mutually interrogated, glancing to the far corner where the keg lay head up, and then as our eyes met, the answer was read, and there was a pause. There was considerable hesitancy ere we ventured back. When at length we did, a white sheet sadly mildewed and a faint odor of decay were apparent. Some of the men had by this time joined us, and the sheet was pulled away, revealing the trunk, with shoulder-blades, breast-bone, spinal column, ribs and thigh-bones of a human body, all covered with a soft, dark covering that looked like earth. There was no flesh, nor intestines, nor any of those organs which are

FIRST ATTACKED BY DECOMPOSITION. The eyeballs and muscular ligaments of the nose were also wanting. To the skull still adhered some portion of the ligaments, which were thickly coated with the same soft, dark, earthy kind of matter. Of course the police were sent for, and an investigation was begun. The piles of unclaimed goods were ransacked to see if any trace of the consignee could be found, but, though the whole of us turned and went over the books and receipts for years, not the slightest clue could be obtained. Then we began to try and recollect back, but, as I said before, there was no one who could exactly remember the time when he hadn't seen the keg. Why, it makes me shudder to think how often I have taken and rolled this same keg on one side, never thinking what was in it. It gave no sign, no smell, no taint, or indication was there of the horrible contents stowed within it. It makes me creep all over when I remember the first glimpse I caught of the hollow skull as the top rolled off. Pickles it was supposed to be, queer kind of pickles, though certainly they served the purpose of putting us in a stew. The news rapidly spread through the town, and in a very short time the wharf was thronged with curiosity-seekers—men, women and children—all eager to obtain a view of the

HIDEOUS, GRINNING SKELETON. Some were successful and went away satisfied, others paid for their temerity and hurried off with blanched faces and a decided air of "I wish I hadn't," but the greater majority were compelled to remain satisfied with what they were told by those more fortunate. Inquiries were at once instituted by the chief of police, and were vigorously pursued during the day, but without success. No one appeared either to know or to care to have anything to do with the ghastly keg. Every clue that could be heard of either in New Bedford or the surroundings was, of course, rigorously questioned, but without avail. None of them knew or had heard of the consignment of such a keg to them. The name was clear enough printed on the head of the keg. Something—M. Chase. Theories of robbing and rumors of all kind of wild nonsense of that kind were rife for the first few hours, but gradually people's common sense came to the rescue, and it was concluded that the skeleton was that of some one who, dying at a distance, had long after death been removed from the grave and packed in the keg for conveyance to New Bedford. But fancy, though, such a thing lying about under people's feet, so to speak, and being

RICKED HERE AND THERE BY EVERY PASSER-BY. By Jove, those who packed it in that way and sent it on in order to save expense deserve to be hung." And Mr. Forbes, very warm and perspiring, wiped his forehead with his bandana and strode indignantly out of the company's office.

At Pier 39 East river, Mr. H. N. Chase, the company's agent, was busily occupied going over the entry books. "I've begun in July, 1878," he said, "and have gone back over the entries for each day very carefully, but although there are all kinds of Chases to be found, none that correspond with particulars sent to us, so far, have turned up. I'm now going over the year 1876, and have got as far back as April."

Carefully each line was scanned, as page after page was turned over. March and February were about gone through, when suddenly Mr. Chase brought his fist down on the desk sharply. "Here it is at last," he exclaimed. All hands hurried to his desk and there read the entry, "L. M. Chase, two cases, two kegs pickles, Lowell." "I guess that's it, or at any rate it's mighty like it, and my idea is that through some mistake the keg intended for delivery at Lowell has been left at New Bedford, while the other packages have been sent on. Perhaps those for whom it was intended at Lowell were not aware of its having been forwarded, or were afraid to look for it when they found it did not arrive. Of course, all this is supposition, as there is no means of finding out the consignees of the packages here, as the duplicate receipts are all kept at New Bedford; still I fancy that it will be found to be the solution of the great bloodless bone mystery."

## BOSTON BONDS.

A Batch of Notable Cases Recently Heard Before a Divorce Court in the Hub which go to Show that those of the Matrimonial Kind are not Particularly More Binding at the Seat of "Culcha" than Elsewhere.

In the supreme court, in chambers, Boston, on the 16th, Judge Endicott commenced the hearings upon the cases on the contested list of divorces. There was the usual large attendance of spectators.

John S. McLeod, a watchmaker and a Scotchman, appeared for a divorce from his wife on the ground of extreme cruelty and abusive treatment. The husband testified that they were married July 3, 1873, by the Rev. James B. Dunn. They had lived in Boston since that time and resided at 4 Kneeland Place. On the 7th of March, 1878, and at divers other times she had abused him. On the day mentioned he had come home to supper, intending to go to the Moody meeting, but she had not the meal ready; in a little while he heard her coming toward the room where he was, and she came in with a large knife and told him if he did not clear out she would kill him. She went out, and after a while came back, asked his forgiveness for her conduct, and commenced hugging and kissing him. They both drew up papers of the affair, at her suggestion, but he found the next morning that she

HAD STOLEN THE PAPERS SHE HAD GIVEN HIM. He said she commenced to abuse him soon after their nuptials, and spit in his face and told him to go to h—l. She was given to profane language, and one time when she returned from Nova Scotia, where she had been visiting, he found that the two children could swear like troopers. Her dowry, when she married him, consisted of two curtains. She was negligent in domestic matters, and did not do her duty to the children. He was convinced that she had kept company with other men, notably one William B. Stall. If she had been strong enough witness did not think he would have been present in court. After the 7th of March she became uglier than ever in her conduct. The defense proved that for a time Sarah had joined the Presbyterian Church and behaved herself well for several months. The libel had charged that the woman had lived with the said Stall, but there being no evidence to sustain the charge, the court ruled that it was very improper, as the inference would be that they had been guilty of adultery, and ordered

THE CHARGE STRICKEN FROM THE LIBEL. Officer Glidden of Station 5 testified to going to the house to get the property belonging to the libelee; that she broke a carving-knife into three pieces, making the remark that she would fix that so it would not be used against her. Witness did not know what she meant by so doing. He took only what belonged to her. One box of things of his she had thrown together so that they were damaged. She said she thought it would thoroughly break up his business. The defense charged general neglect of family duties on the part of the husband and failure to provide support for herself and children. The counsel for libellant, C. P. Gorely, then argued that his client had lived with and provided for his family in every respect, and from the very first she had shown an aggressive and violent temper and disposition, and that he had repeatedly forgiven her. Without any provocation she had approached him with a knife in such a way as to give him the fear of bodily harm and put his life in danger. Instead of reforming, she had grown more aggressive, until finally the husband had obtained a separate boarding-place for her, and did all that laid in his power to aid her. It was in evidence that she had pursued him and endeavored to break up his business. Counsel thought she had been guilty of negative as well as

POSITIVE ACTS OF CRUEL TREATMENT. The court ruled that it could not grant a divorce for extreme cruelty, as the evidence of the libellant was not corroborated, and, therefore, the libel was dismissed.

The next case was that of Matilda Robertson, of Chelsea, who prayed for divorce from James, her husband, who keeps a store in Cambridge. They were married July 22, 1866, and he deserted her October 1, 1871. He lived with her on and off for about five years. She had been to his store and tried to induce him to come home, when he took her by the throat and threatened to smash her face. At one time he went to Colorado, and she sent him money to come home, but he only staid with her two weeks. She had tried several times, but never succeeded in getting him back. A decree was granted for desertion, and the libellant allowed to resume her maiden name of Matilda Dawson.

In the afternoon the case of Annette Harlow for a divorce from Myron W. Harlow was read. The evidence showed that the pair were married at Boston, May 2, 1869, and on August 10, 1875, Myron W. did desert the libellant and had not supported her since that time; that Mrs. Harlow had sent her husband several sums of money, and met him at a friend's house in Chelsea, where she had stated to him that she was about to apply for a divorce on the ground of adultery, and that he remarked that that occurred before she left Boston. The libelee not appearing, the prayer of the petitioner was granted.

## A PLUCKY NIHILIST.

Undaunted Bearing, in the Face of Ignominious Death, of a Russian Officer, who was Executed for being Connected with the Revolutionists.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 3.—Yesterday the officer Doubrovine was hanged in the fortress between ten and half past ten o'clock. A company of the Preobrajinski regiment attended, under the command of Count Vorontschef-Dachkoff. It was not a private execution, neither was the usual official notification published. The band of the above regiment attended with the company of soldiers, and persons who happened to be in the neighborhood, and were attracted by the music of the band, were able to enter the fortress with the soldiers. Doubrovine held the rank of

sub-lieutenant, he was a native of St. Petersburg, and was twenty-four years of age, entered the army in 1876, was appointed ensign in 1877, and sub-lieutenant in 1878. The charges brought against him were that he had attempted to kill Captain Romanovsky, and had wounded two subordinate officers of gendarmes when they came to search his lodging on the 16th of December last. Immediately these officers entered his rooms, Doubrovine at once fired his revolver at Romanovsky, the bullet striking the ceiling. A struggle, of course, ensued, in the midst of which he tried to fire a second time, but, the gendarmes rushing upon him, he was disarmed. The police officers, however, do not appear to have secured Doubrovine firmly, for he found opportunity to go into another room and get possession of a dagger, with which he wounded two of the police officers.

BEFORE HE WAS FINALLY OVERPOWERED. In addition to the revolver and dagger, there were found in his possession a life-preserver, a bowie-knife (engraved on one side "Act," and on the other "Defend yourself"), and a small quantity of cartridges. Besides these, and establishing his connection with the secret revolutionary societies, there was found a document in his own handwriting, headed: "Notes for Russian Officer-Terrorists, 1878," and dated December 6, 1878. The Official Gazette states that this document contains a whole code of instructions for the use of arms, poisons, forging passports and stamps, for making combustibles and other means (as stated in one of the notes) for effecting public demonstrations, armed resistance to the police authorities, and, in short, all other measures to which the revolutionaries resort to realize their programme.

The following is the conclusion of these notes: "You know, gentlemen, that a large number of revolutionary enterprises of the greatest importance have irreparably failed through ignorance, unpardonable imprudence, thoughtlessness, and other circumstances of the same kind. You know that Hippolyte Myschkine, when he went in the uniform of a gendarme officer, with the view of liberating Tchernyshevsky, put his cordons (aiguillettes) on the left shoulder, instead of fastening them on the right shoulder, and this circumstance was sufficient to excite suspicion on the part of the Commissary of Police of Villomsk. The results of this mistake were very deplorable, and

ABOVE ALL IRREMEDIAL. Jean Kovalsky, who was shot near Odessa, on August 2nd, 1878, carried about with him for many years a revolver on the system of Adams-Dean, without knowing it was a wretched system, and, as a matter of course, this revolver missed fire, and the blackguard Debrowdelew, second captain, remained alive. Vera Sassoulitch also did wrong in choosing a Bourdelogue revolver of moderate caliber. Mme. Fedorow fired also with a revolver of the same system, and that is the reason why she \* \* \* If our dear comrades—the Socialists—must die, let them die making the largest gaps in the ranks of our inhuman, savage, and brutal enemy."

During the preliminary proceedings after the arrest in December last, Doubrovine refused to make any statement, but subsequently, on January 16th, he asked to be allowed to give a petition as to his unjust imprisonment, and drew up a document accordingly. The contents of this, and his conduct at the medical examination, which took place on January 29th, induced the belief that he was insane. But a later examination by specialist physicians established his sanity. On the day of his trial he came into court with his overcoat thrown over his shoulders and cap on his head. Being requested to remove his cap, he did so, and then stared first on one side, then on the other, at the persons present, without attending to the order of the president to turn toward the court. Then, crying out, "What does this mean?" he tried to jump over the bar which separated him from the court, and partially succeeded. He then commenced roaring and howling, trying to release himself

FROM THE SOLDIERS WHO HELD HIM. In consequence he was ordered to be removed, and was taken away, continuing to holler all the time. Thereupon the president suspended the sitting of the court for five minutes, and, re-entering, informed the court that the prisoner had been examined during the preliminary proceedings by two physicians, when doubts were entertained as to his sanity, but that these physicians having given their opinion that he was not insane, the court had decided to continue the trial in his absence, considering his conduct as violent opposition to the tribunal.

As he ascended the scaffold the drums were beat and the bugles sounded, and this continued until his death. He retained his presence of mind, showing great hardihood. His last words were, I am informed, as follows. When the officiating priest came to him at the foot of the scaffold according to the usual custom, and asked him, "Have you made your peace with God?" he replied, "Go to the —, all you liars!" Then they commenced, in usual form, to read the judgment and sentence of the court, when he interrupted by saying, "Go to the — with your verdict," and when he had mounted the scaffold he cried, "Vive l'Internationale!"

## Sam Patch Outdone.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., May 21.—At three o'clock this afternoon Steve Pierre, of Drummondville, Ont., walked on one of the brace wires from the Canada side to the center of the new suspension bridge and back again, performing as a gymnast on the wire. At four o'clock H. P. Peers, of Teeterville, Ont., as per advertisement, jumped from the center of the bridge into Niagara river, one hundred and ninety feet below. He had a wire attached to a cylinder and fastened to a sort of harness under his arms and over his shoulders, which kept him upright. The descent was made in four seconds. Men in a boat picked him up. He came up all right and in good shape. About one thousand people witnessed the feat. He will probably jump again in July.

Aunt Huldah Sargeant Robinson, of West Randolph, Vt., has just celebrated her 100th birthday. She is a victim of tobacco.



## A Live Lad From Jersey City.

The Detroit Free Press gives the following brilliant sketch of a recent importation in the way of a wild street Arab of the east, who woke things up vigorously very soon after his arrival in that city:

The Detroit brigade of bootblacks was increased by one yesterday. A passenger train from the east carried one more passenger than the conductor knew of, because the said passenger was concealed on the trucks, and looked more like a hunk of mud than a live boy fourteen years old. He came across the river with the others, and after a brief look around the depot he walked up to a hackman and said:

"Old boy, I'm right from Jersey City, with nothing to eat for two hull days and not a red in my pocket. I'm game, I am. Lend me a quarter and I'll make it a dollar before noon."

"I don't know you," replied the hackman.

"Nor I you; but that's all right. A man who won't lend a live boy a quarter to get a start in life is no man at all. Come, what d'ye say?"

He got the money, and, walking up to a bootblack who stood shivering in the cool air, he said:

"Boy, you'll never make a shiner in the world. Your forte is landscape painting or counting bank notes. I'll gin ye a quarter for yer kit, and if yer ever want money for a pint of peanuts, call on me."

It was a trade. There was a new box of blacking and a pretty fair brush, and the new boy no sooner had the box under his arm than he cried out in a wonderfully shrill voice:

"Come and see me! Come and be shone by a chap who kin make yer butes look nicer in two minits than a slouch could in four days. Hold out yer feet an' gin me a chance to lay the corner stone of a fortune—and don't you forget it!"

He secured five "blacks" as fast as he could work, and in twenty minutes he had paid back the quarter. In half an hour he was sixteen cents ahead, and then he rubbed his aching arms and said:

"I've got to drop suthin' down for my stomach to lay hold on, and then I'll come out and make the fur fly. It'll take me two hours yet to get limbered up and feel like a buzz-saw run by chain lightning, but when I do git to work in earnest I shall use up a brush every nine minits all day long."

After he had procured a cheap breakfast at a restaurant he found himself confronted by four or five bootblacks, who looked as if they had planned to give him the bounce.

"Morning, gents," said the new boy, as he looked from one to the other. "No use giving me any coppers, my beauties, for I've struck town to stay. I'm right on the black. I'd rather black butes, but I kin black eyes if I'm forced to. I'm a Keely motor—only more so. I strike, kick, bite and pull hair at one motion, and it takes three policemen to pull me away from the mangled remains of my victims."

The boys consulted together and concluded not to tackle him, and in five minutes more they were giving him their friendship. He led them back to the depot, stood them in line and said:

"Now, slouches, you stick by me and I'll stick by you. This town hain't never been half worked, and I know it. Down east we all thought you used dish-water and stove-blackening instead of shoe-polish. Repress yer emotion a few minutes and see me tear myself all to flinders."

The new boy moved around like a top, worked like a pony engine, talked like a candidate and made twenty cents in about ten minutes. Putting the "chink" down into his old vest-pocket, he swung his box over his shoulder and remarked:

"Sixty cents afore ten o'clock of the first day is good 'nuff. Now I want to go up town, see the streets, study architecture, steal me a dog, and this afternoon I'll feel as if I was born here and had been in jail half a dozen times. Ta-ta, children; don't spend your money for taffy while I'm gone!"

## Judge Lynch Wanted.

QUINCY, Ill., May 17.—A colored man named William Brown was brought in from Coatsburg this evening and lodged in jail. He attempted to rape Emma Jeffries, a girl not yet fourteen years of age, the daughter of the man's neighbor for whom he was working. He overtook her in the road, threw her down and threatened to kill her if she screamed. A dog belonging to the girl grabbed him by the leg and prevented him from accomplishing his purpose, and he ran for the woods. The girl ran home and gave the alarm. Two men started in pursuit, overtaking him after a four mile-chase. He confessed to having made the attempt

charged. He had been working for the farmer since last Monday. His description answers to that of the man who committed the brutal assault on Mrs. Schantz two weeks ago in Melrose township. Mrs. Schantz was able to be in town to-day, and was shown the colored man arrested a week ago on suspicion, but at once said he was not the man. There is hardly a doubt but Brown is the villain, and had he been kept at Coatsburg to-night Judge Lynch would have tried him.

## Fatal Finale to a Frivolous Feud.

SEDALLA, Mo., May 17.—This morning, about eight o'clock, a fatal shooting affray occurred about seven miles north of this city. The parties were a young man named Claib Lowrey, son of Judge William Lowrey, aged twenty years, and Bard Smith, aged twenty-two, son of Col. J. D. Smith. The parties are both of eminently respectable families and have always stood well in this county. There has been an old grudge existing between the parties for over a year, and yesterday morning they met on the road, young Smith being in a wagon with his brother, and young Lowrey on horseback. As soon as the parties met Smith jumped out of his wagon and pulled his pistol, and Lowrey also pulled his.

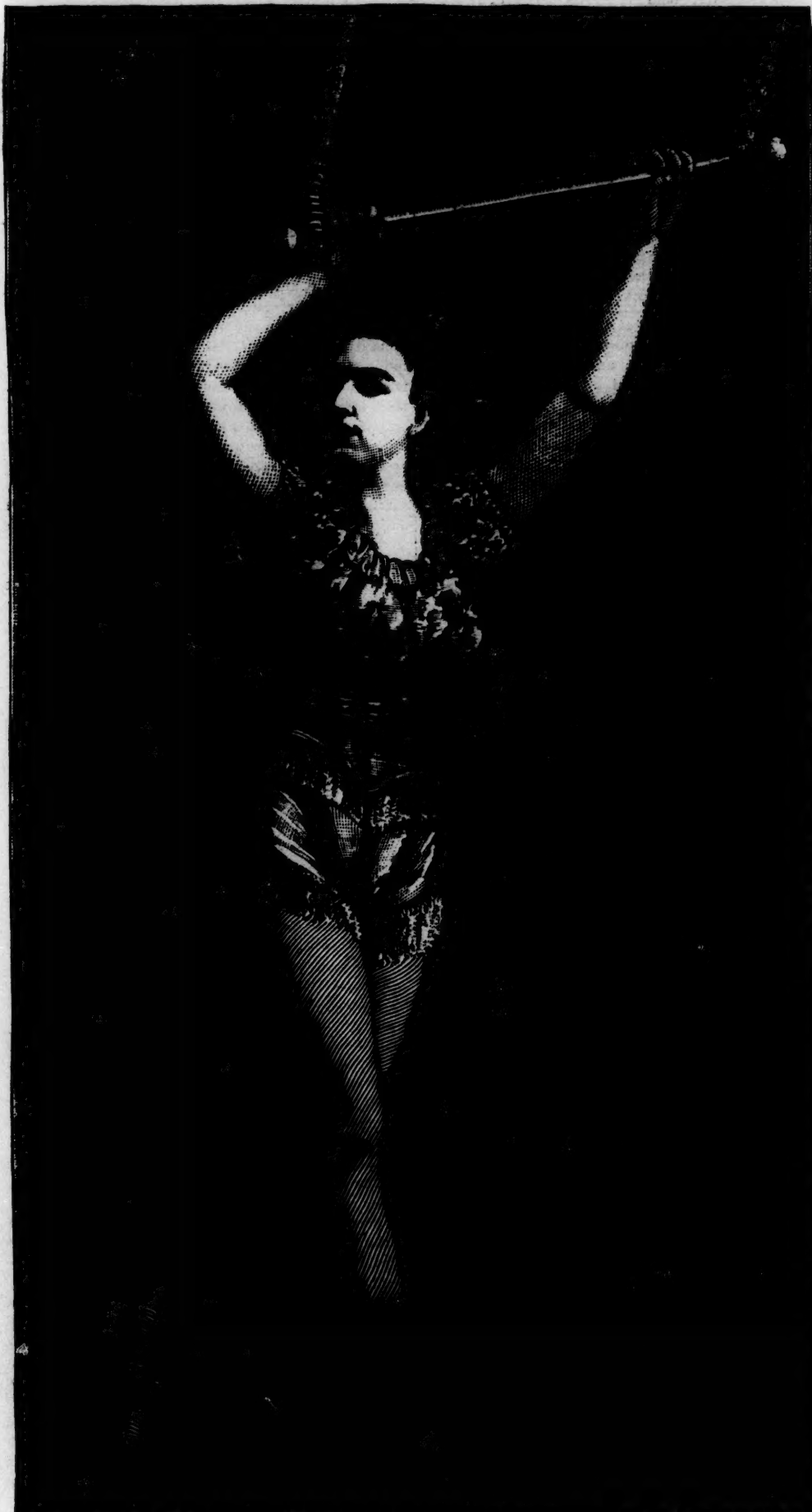
Smith fired five shots and Lowrey but one, which missed. One of Smith's shots took effect in Lowrey's right groin, passing through his body and coming out near his back bone. Another passed through his leg, through the saddle, and into the horse. Lowrey fell from his horse, and Smith jumped into his wagon and drove off. Lowrey will not live till morning.

At a late hour to-night Lowrey made the following ante-mortem statement before Justice Jesse Heard: "I was met this morning on the public highway at eight o'clock by one Bard Smith, who, without provocation on my part, alighted from his vehicle, and, with the expression, 'God d—n you, I've got you now,' he commenced firing on me, and kept it up until five shots had been discharged, two taking effect. Smith then got into his wagon but remarked to his brother, 'If that sixth shot hadn't missed I would have shot the d—d thing through the head.' Smith drove off, leaving me in a fainting and wounded condition on the ground."

The difficulty originated sixteen months ago at a country school exhibition, where both occupied adjoining seats. Lowrey claiming that Smith tore his coat by sitting on it when he attempted to get up. Since then the feud became almost a family affair, two or three slight altercations resulting therefrom between other brothers of each family.

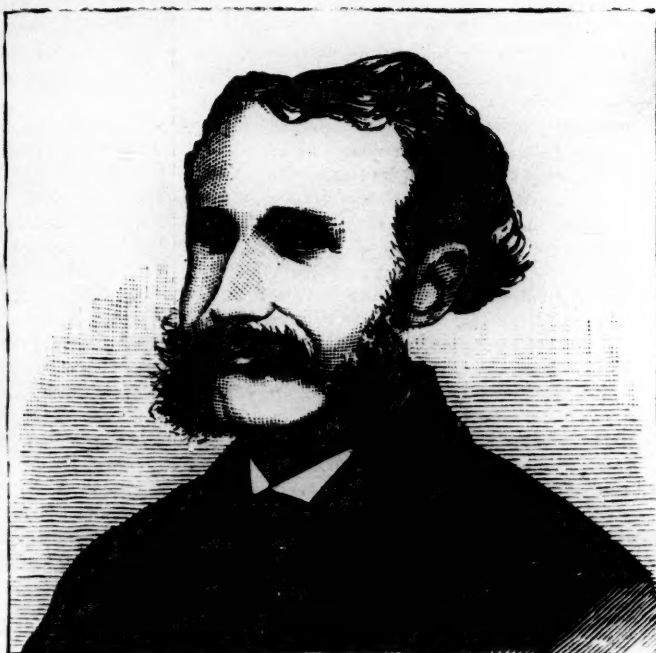


B. F. WEATHERFORD, WANTED AT JOPLIN, MO., FOR FORGERY; \$500 REWARD OFFERED FOR HIS ARREST.



M'LE LEONA DARE, FEMALE ATHLETE AND TRAPEZE PERFORMER. SEE PAGE 2.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, May 17.—A party of four young men entered Galigher's hat store this evening and undertook to purchase some hats. They had been drinking, and were considerably under the influence of the liquor. An insult passed between the parties and Mr. Galigher, when the four attacked Mr. Galigher, his son, Dink Allen and John Allen, clerks. In two minutes a dozen were engaged in the fracas, and at one time there promised to be a general free fight. No one was injured except John Allen, who received a fearful cut on the head. The offenders were taken to the station-house.



CHAS. B. ORVIS, A NOTORIOUS FORGER, CONFIDENCE MAN AND LIFE-LONG SWINDLER; NEW YORK CITY.

## Extraordinary Revelation of Crime.

VINCENNES, Ind., May 19.—At this particular time the neighboring county of Sullivan reveals in a decided sensation, the particulars of which render it one of the most disgusting affairs that has come to light in southern Indiana. The knowledge that his crime was on the eve of exposure, fully justifies Dr. J. H. Baldridge's action in joining the vast horde of carpet baggers with which this country is afflicted. For twenty-five years has Dr. Baldridge resided in Jackson township, Sullivan county, where he has been held in the highest estimation by his fellow men. His practice was extensive, besides which he took an active interest in religious matters, and was one of the pillars of the Presbyterian Church. The story, as it has been given to the public, makes known the alleged fact that the woman who for twenty-five years has passed as his wife was not legally such. When a young man, Dr. Baldridge married a young and beautiful girl in one of the quiet little villages of Ohio. It was on the occasion of one of this wife's periods of confinement that the woman who subsequently usurped her name and position was called upon to act in the capacity of nurse. Constant association with the charming nurse soon alienated the doctor's affections from his lawful wife, and ere long their relations were detected by the invalid, who forthwith entered objections to the proceedings. The nurse was summarily dismissed, but the infatuated man deserted his sick wife, and came straightway to Sullivan county, where he has since resided with his mistress. For more than ten years the lawful wife pursued her pathway through life unaided by her perfidious husband. At last becoming needy, she wrote him for assistance. Fearing an exposure, Dr. Baldridge soon made arrangements to forever after keep her from want. After considerable negotiating it was agreed that Mrs. Baldridge should remove to Sullivan county and take up her residence in her husband's house, passing herself off as a relict of his deceased brother. The plan worked well, so far as outside appearances would indicate, and the wife was installed as companion to the woman who unlawfully bore her name and held her position. A few years afterwards, probably ten years ago, Mrs. Baldridge, the supposed widow, was wooed and won by Mr. J. F. Curry, a well-known citizen and neighbor, who had, but a few months previous, lost his wife by death. Curry died a year ago, and it is supposed was ignorant of the relations his wife bore to another man. There were no children by this marriage, though several were born of Mrs. Curry the first. By his mistress Baldridge had several children, and when he ran away from Ohio he took with him one or two whom he had torn from the arms of their unfortunate mother. Mrs. Curry inherits the estate of her deceased husband, but her step-children will contest the inheritance on the ground that she was not a lawful wife. The fear that officers were after him so worked on Baldridge that he packed up his valise and left for parts unknown.

## A Frightful Double Crime.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., May 15.—A horrible rape and murder was committed near Easton, twelve miles distant from this city, recently. The victim was a respectable widow named Hannah Castello, who had lived in the neighborhood for twenty years. She started from her home with a lady friend to visit the village of Easton, on Wednesday, about three o'clock, and after going some distance decided to return home, where she had a family of six children. Her companion continued on her way, and when out of sight some one unknown met Mrs. Castello, outraged her person, and afterwards murdered her. Her body was found in a creek near the Kansas Central railroad track a few hours afterwards. Her head was badly cut, as if with a club, and her throat discolored with finger-marks. Sheriff Lowe visited the place to-day, and to-night brought in two men named Miller, father and son, who are charged with the crime.

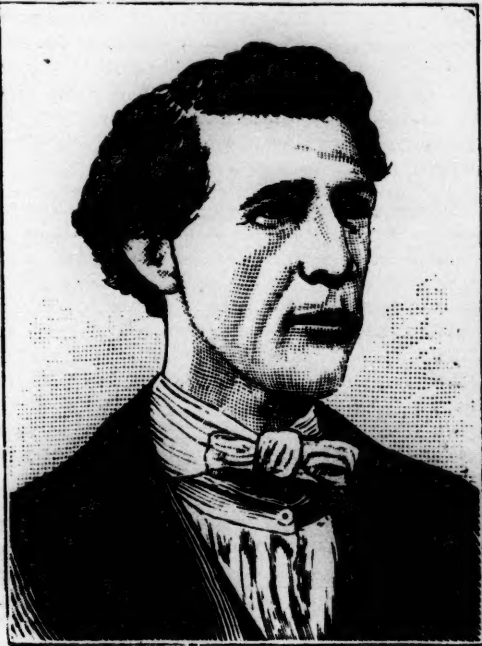
## Free Fight in a Hat Store.



**Legally Shot to Death.**

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

PROVO CITY, U. T., May 16.—Wallace Wilkerson, who shot Baxter in Tintie about two years ago, was executed here to-day, at twelve o'clock. He evinced great nerve, and sat in a chair facing three guns, distant about thirty feet, without either bandaging or closing his eyes. His wife spent the last night and up to within half an hour of the execution with him. The scene of the parting was very affecting. He made a set speech, expressing thanks to the officials and others, stating that he had no ill will toward any but one person, who swore falsely on the trial. He hoped



WALLACE WILKERSON, EXECUTED AT PROVO CITY, UTAH, MAY 16TH, FOR THE MURDER OF BAXTER.

that God would forgive him. He bade good-bye, and shook hands with a few of the officials and others.

Then he took a position on the chair, and at a signal from the marshal three concealed marksmen fired. He leaped from the chair exclaiming, "Oh, God!" fell forward on his face, and continued writhing, breathing a few gasps for twenty-seven minutes, when the physicians pronounced him dead. There were about twenty-five people in the jail yard and probably 200 outside the inclosure.

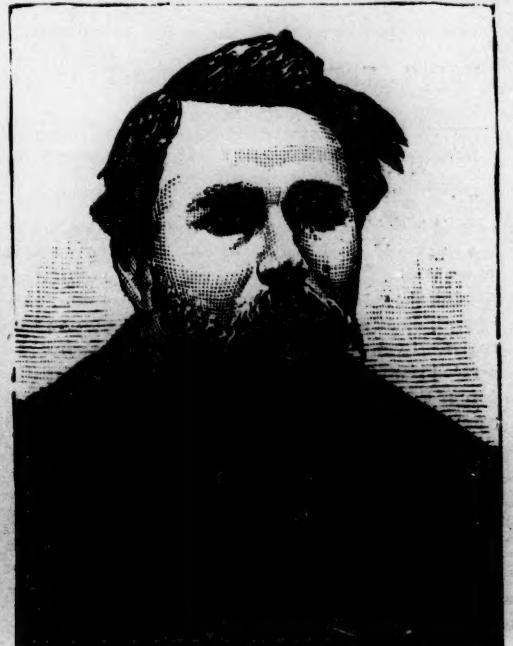
**Sympathy for an Executed Criminal.**

HILLSBORO, N. C., May 19.—At the funeral and burial of Henry A. Davis, one of the burglars who was hanged in this town last Friday, which took place at his father's, in Chapel Hill, yesterday, there was present



LEGALLY SHOT TO DEATH—WALLACE WILKERSON, EXECUTED BY RIFLEMEN, AT PROVO CITY, UTAH, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT, FOR THE MURDER OF WILLIAM BAXTER, IN THE TINTIE MINING REGION, IN JUNE, 1877.

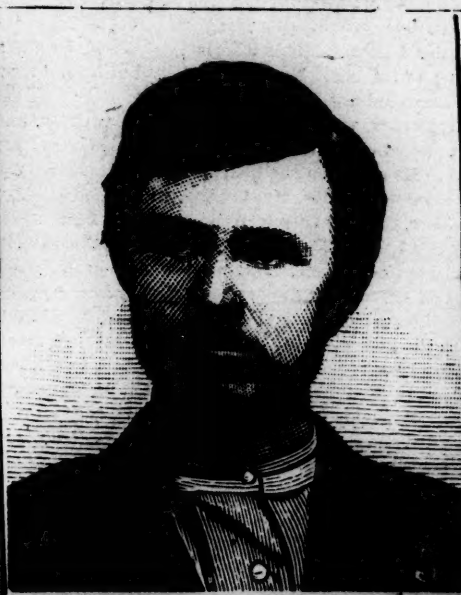
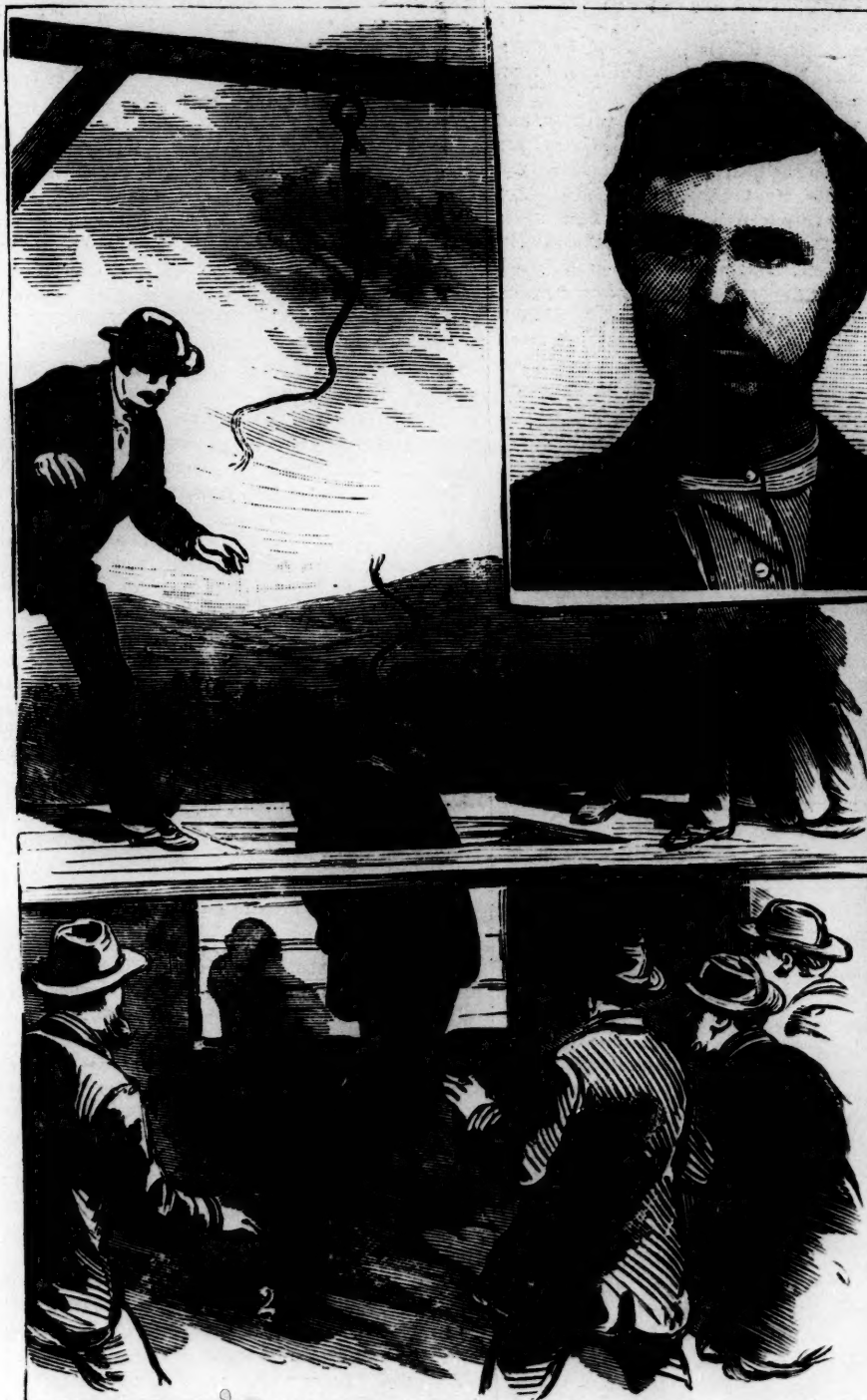
a large crowd of sympathizers. Much feeling and considerable excitement were shown. After the execution on Friday, Davis's body was taken to Chapel Hill, where it lay in his father's house until yesterday morning. The dying protestations of innocence on the part of the hanged men seemed to have had effect upon certain classes, and during Saturday and yesterday crowds who believed or pretended to believe in their innocence gathered at Davis's house. The father of Davis stood at the gate to receive visitors, but admitted none except such as had signed the petitions to the Governor for mercy. To others he and his wife were grossly insulting. To the min



FRANZ RUZISKA, A NOTORIOUS WESTERN HORSE-THIEF; RECENTLY CAPTURED IN SWITZERLAND.

isters who called to condole with them and conduct service the father said, "Come in and see the innocent man who was murdered by the moneyed aristocracy to please the university." This seemed to excite the crowd, who evinced their sympathy by crying excitedly, "He shall be avenged."

A demonstration on the way to or at the grave by the crowd which formed the procession was feared, but the wise counsel and calm reasoning of the minister cooled the heated feeling temporarily, and all passed off quietly. The feeling against the Governor and other parties directly or indirectly interested is very bitter by a large class, and it is believed that Friday's work will yet make trouble in Orange county. The burial of the other two executed men took place quietly on Saturday.



THE SHAMEFUL GALLOW TREE—A MURDEROUS QUARTET SIMULTANEOUSLY FIND AN EARTHLY EXIT THROUGH ITS ASSISTANCE.—SEE PAGE 11.

1—Execution of Davis, Andrews and Carlton, the Chapel Hill Burglars and Desperadoes, at Hillsboro, N. C. 2—West, the Tramp, Strangled to Death, after Horrible Official Bungling, at Boonville, Mo., for the Butchery of Frank Shin, a Brother Bum. 3—John I. West, the Executed Murderer.



## SANGUINARY SUPERSTITION

Revolting Rites of Fanatical Mexican  
Members of the Religious Order of  
Penitentes Over

### THE CORPSE OF A SISTER,

Who had Died from the Effects of the Ex-  
cruciating Tortures and Scourgings,  
Self-Inflicted by the Order

### DURING THE LENTEN OBSERVANCES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

RAYADO, New Mexico, May 1.—If not religious, the average Mexican is decidedly off color; and if his religion savors not of the superstition of the earlier ages, it is merely a delusion and a snare. New Mexico is a queer old combination of the past, and nothing short of the railroad now so rapidly spanning her spacious breadth could reduce even the preliminary yawn indicating an awakening from the sleep of centuries. Even that will be a decade in stirring the wonted serenity of the natives, and, judging from the doings here the past few days, an earthquake would prove but a mere rumble in the camp of the faithful—the penitentes, whose peculiar observance of the last week of Lent is now fairly well known throughout the states.

Only two weeks ago the penitentes ceased their self-torture. The six days of almost every conceivable form of physical pain culminated on Good Friday. Blood had been poured out almost in floods. Backs, breasts and legs still bore the livid lines made by the lashes, the sharpened stones and the dagger-like thorns. Backs still bent from the terrible strain of the ponderous crosses, and feet yet bled from the gaping wounds made by their sandals of thorns. Several of the most fearfully bruised were upon beds of suffering, when on Saturday last one of them, a woman, died. At first there was naught concerned with the demise of an extraordinary character. The corpse was washed and dressed and laid out upon a table, and

THAT NIGHT THERE WAS A WAKE.

But bright and early the next morning a penitente hastily departed for the chief of the order, who is called "The Older Brother," an old man who is bound, upon the proper notification, to convey the intelligence to all the members of the order, and such members immediately take up their journey of pain to the house of death. Rayado is most charmingly located in the bosom of the close and luxuriant valley of the stream from which it takes its name, and to the north is a high mesa, it shelving off steeply to the bed of the stream. Over this hill the penitentes commenced coming, each clad only in short and light linen or cotton drawers, cutting and bruising bare feet upon the rocks and lashing bodies and legs with scourges until from the lacerated flesh there oozed streams of blood. Accompanying each were from two to four of the "singing penitentes" waving handkerchiefs, tightly bound about their heads, and chanting weird and wholly incomprehensible monodies. Finally, along between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, when all the penitentes had assembled, they filed one after the other into the room where the body laid, and then was initiated one of the most horrible of all the rites

FOLLOWED OUT IN THE CEREMONIES.

Taking the corpse from the table, it was placed upon a narrow ladder, which had been laid upon the floor. A large rope was produced, and one end of it tied tightly about the neck of the deceased. Several of the most muscular of the penitentes commenced a series of tying that would have discounted the most expert of the Davenport brothers, or any of the so-called spiritual mediums. Passing the rope under the arm-pit and across the breast, a half hitch was taken around one of the bars of the ladder, and a big, burly Mexican, kneeling down upon the floor, pulled with might and main, crushing the breast-bones and flattening the body until it appeared as if the round of the ladder would come through. This sort of thing continued until the corpse was lashed from head to feet, the limbs being compressed with such terrible strength as to dwarf them to the size of those of a child. Then four men picked up the ladder with its ghastly freight, and the penitentes, stalking in the rear, whipping themselves with increased vigor, the line of march was taken up to the house especially designated for the services of the penitentes. Arriving at the door, the ladder was placed upon the ground, and in single file the penitentes circled around and around it, the air fairly resounding with the swish of the lashes as they laid them so unmercifully upon backs bleeding and

SORE FROM THE LONG CONTINUED SCOURGING.

For fifteen to twenty minutes this was kept up, and then, taking up the corpse again, it was carried back to the house from whence it had first been taken. There it was laid on the bare floor for some little time, and then placed in a coffin, which in time was lifted to the table and encircled by candles, which were kept lighted thenceforth to the end. Soon after the penitentes came in by twos and threes, and, marching about the coffin, cut and slashed themselves with fearful deliberation. It was now between two and three o'clock in the morning, and the male penitentes withdrawing, two women made their appearance, and removing the body from the coffin, whipped it and themselves, and long before they had finished, the blood from their own living bodies had so saturated the grave-clothes of the dead as to change them from white to crimson. This portion of the rites is by the order declared emblematical of the blows received by the Savior when upon earth, and which are numbered at five thousand. Early day before yesterday morning the penitentes started with the corpse to Sweetwater, eight miles distant from here, and where there is a church of the order, in which she is

now buried. En route wherever the funeral procession halted to rest, a pile of stones was erected commemorative of the occasion. However misguided and fanatical the penitentes may be they certainly display a wonderful heroism in the infliction upon themselves of

FRIGHTFUL PHYSICAL PUNISHMENT.

Wholly carried away for the time being in their superstitious zeal to suffer as did the Savior when on earth, they appear to study for weeks prior to Lent the severest pain they can inflict upon their persons. The form of punishment they go through with is entirely voluntary, seeking the chief of the order in advance of the time set, and stating their desire to carry crosses, to walk upon thorns, to bind thorns upon hands and knees and crawl for miles, and other like suffering, the mere recital of which makes the blood run cold. One man here placed a large wreath of thorns about his neck, and upon this a monstrous log-chain, and, with the thorns forced deeper and deeper into his flesh at every step, walked upwards of a mile and fell insensible at the foot of a cross. It frequently happens that death results from these awful exhibitions of human endurance, and to die from such a cause is the penitente's instant accession to the throne of grace.

The first coming of the railroad was viewed with anything but the kindest feelings on the part of the natives, for it was an innovation, and anything not as it was a hundred years ago is sacrilegious to the average Mexican.

### LIZZIE'S LUCRE.

Legal Decision in Favor of a Young Girl who  
Sued her Grand Uncle to Recover Damages  
for her Seduction by him.

LEBANON, Ohio, May 17.—The celebrated Rhoads-Ammons case was decided in the court last night by Judges Hume, Hawes, and Elliott. This was the second trial of the case, it having been carried up from the common pleas court, Judge Smith. On the former trial the decision was in favor of the defendant, Ammons, this time the victors were the plaintiffs. Some reference to the parties concerned in this remarkable case, which brings before the public some of the most disgusting and some of the most intricate questions that the law has ever had to unravel, is in order here.

The story of the giving of the mortgage, for instance, reads like a romance. Lizzie Keltner, the daughter of the plaintiff, Mrs. Rhoads, about whom all the trouble was made, alleges that at the age of fifteen years she was seduced by her grand uncle, Ammons, when he was taking her on a pleasure trip to attend a religious convention at Terre Haute, Ind. When her pregnancy became known to her mother (then Mrs. Rittenhouse) she visited Hamilton, Ohio, and went over to Monroe, Butler county, where Ammons lived, to consult with him as to what was to be done, as Lizzie had confessed that

HE WAS THE AUTHOR OF HER RUIN.

Mrs. Rittenhouse was accompanied by her husband, who was a gambler. Ammons gave them a mortgage on one of his farms for \$5,000. He claims that he never seduced the girl, but was compelled to give the mortgage by Rittenhouse, who held a cocked pistol to his head. He claims that he afterward bought up this mortgage for \$1,000, paying the money to Rittenhouse by instruction of Mrs. Rittenhouse.

In the meantime, Lizzie's child was born in Louisville, Ky., to which place she had been removed, and her mother, to conceal her daughter's shame, adopted it as her own, and the boy has known her as his mother ever since. The plaintiff denies any knowledge of \$1,000 ever having been paid to Rittenhouse. Ammons introduces a released mortgage, which proves to be a forgery, and the plaintiff brings into court the genuine paper. The conditions of the mortgage were that \$1,000 was to be paid at the death of the wife of Ammons, the defendant, and \$4,000 was to be paid at his own death.

Mrs. Rhoads, the plaintiff, is a remarkably handsome woman of about forty-five years of age. She has a cold, piercing eye, eager, hardened features, and a splendidly-developed and symmetrically-rounded form. It was proved by the defense that she was a woman of the world. She was richly and handsomely dressed, and, although much older, was more observed and commented upon than her daughter.

"Lizzie Keltner," as she has been known throughout the trial, is now the wife of a Cincinnati. She is a tall, slim brunette, quite stylish and much given to tears, as she should be if her story is true.

"Uncle Miley" is a tall, spare man of about sixty, and reminds one of Fagin, the Jew, whenever they look at his hooked nose and unprepossessing features.

After the judges had decided in favor of the plaintiff, counsel for defendant gave notice that the case would be carried up to the supreme court on a bill of exceptions.

### The Schoolmaster in Texas.

Elmo (Texas) Commercial: Something of an excitement was occasioned in this usually quiet and serene neighborhood over the Elmo school, one of the best and most flourishing in the county. The trouble grew out of the recent election of the principal, Prof. J. M. Huntington, in displacing an assistant, Mrs. Grantham, and putting in her stead his wife. A number of leading citizens felt aggrieved thereat, and the matter was finally worked up to an intense pitch of excitement. Last Saturday night, as the professor stepped off the cars, on his return from Terrell, he was taken in hand by a small but select circle of indignant acquaintances, and escorted to the rear of an adjacent building, where the constable, S. C. Allen, administered to the unlucky schoolmaster a sound thrashing. The next act opened early Tuesday morning, with Prof. Huntington in the leading role, attired principally in a six-shooter. The plucky pedagogue proved his game by tackling Mr. W. P. Dumas, one of the chief characters opposed to him in the Saturday night performance. The professor gave his man about as hard a punishment as he had borne.

## GHOSTLY GOINGS-ON.

Strange and Uncanny Happenings in an Old  
Staten Island Mansion which Holds a very  
Strong Reputation for Being Haunted by  
Supernatural Visitants.

Graniteville is a pretty little village that nestles in the hills two miles away from Port Richmond, Staten Island. On the main street is a frame dwelling of the old type which bases its claim to respectability upon fifty years of uninterrupted existence. It was originally built by a Mr. Clapp, who gave it a high peaked roof, chimneys of immense proportions, and five imposing pillars in front, that still support its ancient stateliness. It has undergone changes at the hands of generations since then, but its weather-beaten walls and crumbling shingles attest their years of service. It was here the Ghost family determined to abide. They found no difficulty in obtaining possession, as the premises had been vacant for some time. True to their communistic principles they furnished the owner with no notice of their arrival. That was afterwards discovered in a way that was mutually distasteful.

Mr. Daniel Croshron leased the house, presuming it vacant, to the family of Mr. David Decker, and the latter moved in on the 7th day of March. The row began immediately thereafter. The numerical strength of the Deckers necessitated their "doubling up" in the occupancy of the sleeping apartment, and hence two young ladies, one a daughter of Mr. Decker, were relegated to a large chamber above the kitchen. The room belongs to an addition in the rear of the main dwelling, and it happened to have been selected especially for the living apartment of the Ghost family. Somebody had got to leave, and the Ghosts resolved that they would not. They spent four weeks in deliberation, and then summoned all the villainous devices at their command to work upon the

FEARS OF THE INNOCENT INTRUDERS.

The young ladies were rendered very uncomfortable. At first they heard scratching on the walls and floor that sounded like the noise of a saw. Then, while both were painfully awake, something nibbled upon the legs of their iron bedstead. One of them expressed an intention of retreating, but the other assured her it was only rats. Next morning they told their experience to Mr. Decker, who also said "rats." By the way, he, too, had heard the noise from the room adjoining theirs. There was a hole through the floor of the haunted room that once made room for a stovepipe. It was imperfectly boarded over and the marauder was supposed to have come through there from the debris of an outer kitchen that had some time previously been blown down by the wind. Another piece of board was nailed down over the opening, but again and again the mysterious sounds were heard in the room. The carpet was taken up; sounds continued. Mr. Croshron was called in, and took up part of the flooring. No rats were discovered and the flooring was put down again. Sounds continued. The young ladies had now become rather accustomed to the scratching and nibbling, so

A NEW TORTURE WAS DEvised.

On Tuesday night preceding the 1st of May the familiar demonstrations were accompanied by a lifting up of the bed. No young ladies could stand that, and these did not.

Mr. Decker was summoned by his laughter, and while he laughed at her fears, accompanied her to her room. He sat upon the bed, and again it lifted up. He called a neighbor, Mr. Leadby, who called another neighbor, Captain George Wood, and with their wives they went to Mr. Decker's house, it should be said, in very skeptical moods. But what was their astonishment on entering the apartment to hear loud knocks from different parts of the room. A lamp was burning in the hall without. It was carried into the room and the knocks were repeated. The bed, too, when they sat upon it, evinced a desire to take them up and walk. Mr. Leadby heard a noise beneath the bed and suggested the slat had fallen down. He was confused to learn that there were no slats there. He felt all around the floor, but found nothing to account for the extraordinary sounds. He tore up the boards over the hole for the stove-pipe, with a like result. The loud knocking began again. One of the ladies, thinking it a good opportunity for testing the theories of spiritualism, called out: "In the name of God, have you had trouble in this house? If so, knock." R-r-r-ap! Another cried: "Were you murdered?" R-r-r-ap! Many more questions were asked in the excitement of the moment that are now forgotten, but each

ELICITED A STARTLING RESPONSE.

The mystifications continued until about three o'clock, when the neighbors took their leave, and it should also be said, in moods that were anything but skeptical. Next day an effort was made to keep the matter quiet for the sake of the owner of the house, but of course it failed. From ear to ear the strange relation sped, and on the next night some twenty villagers men and women, gathered at the house of the Deckers. They were rewarded by enough to convince their minds of the truth of all they had heard. The scratchings could be heard, and the iron bed was lifted while seven people sat upon it. Many of the witnesses were members of the Baptist Church in the village, and there was no doubting what they said. Wonder increased the following day, and the Decker family "moved out" with pardonable alacrity, leaving the Ghost family in undisputed possession.

Of course the present revelations have reminded the villagers of a hundred earlier but unnoticed evidences of spooks. The family of Rev. Mr. Young, who lived there three years ago, were said to have been very shabbily treated by the spirits. One night, it was said, Miss Young felt the coverlet of her bed drawn off by an invisible hand, and the next morning it was in its proper place again. Then, too, the strength of the entire family was alleged to have been required to prevent the

SPIRITS FROM FORCING THEIR DOORS.

Captain "Abe" Tyson, an old inhabitant, says that he knew nothing about the present demonstrations, but when he was a young man, a matter of fifty years ago,

he boarded at the house, which was then leased by a Mrs. Mersereau. Her son, now dead, and himself slept in the very apartment described, and he could remember his companion's asking his mother in the morning, "What kept you up so late?" When Mrs. Mersereau would say that she had not been up late, the son would say, "Why I thought I heard you walking about the house." This occurred several times, the captain said, but he added, "I was young in them days and slept pretty sound. I heard no noises, and none of 'em that did suppose there was any 'hants' about it. There used to be a school-house where that house stands, and I've been trying to think if there wasn't some crime or another done there. It seems to me there was." The captain further said that Mr. Decker had told him that they broke a dozen or fifteen lamp-chimneys in his house inside of two months. Mr. Decker didn't know that the spirits had anything to do with that, but it got so far that he was ashamed to carry home any more chimneys. There are some people in Graniteville who

DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS.

The owner of the building, Mr. Croshron, is one of them. He don't belong to the Baptist Church, as most of them do, and is credited with saying that the people who believed the house was haunted were "a pack of damned fools." When called on, Mr. Croshron asked, testily, "Have you seen anybody that has seen them?" "No." "Neither have I," he said, "and the whole thing is absurd. The Deckers had a medium among them, in my opinion. Why, I've been over there since the so-called manifestations and could not see or hear anything. They had an old rickety iron bedstead that made a noise whenever a person moved upon it, and when they were all together upon it the medium made it move." Mr. Croshron said he believed that Captain "Abe" Tyson never slept in that house at all; that it was an old house that used to stand next to it.

### A LYNCHER'S LUCK.

Remarkable Escape of a Probably Innocent  
man from the Hands of Lynchers, who  
had Hanged him to a Bridge.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BATAVIA, O., May 21.—A remarkable lynching affair occurred here to-day. William Allen, alias Storey, of St. Louis, was reported to have eloped from this place a few days ago with Jennie Atchley, the wife of a farmer of the vicinity. He was arrested in Cincinnati and brought back here, where he was placed in jail. The greatest excitement prevailed in the town. A meeting was held, and it was resolved to execute summary punishment on the prisoner. Early this morning a crowd attacked the jail and broke open the doors. Storey was taken out and a halter placed around his neck. He was then taken to the railroad bridge over the Little Miami river and hanged from one of the timbers. After hanging two or three minutes, Storey's struggles broke the rope, and

HE FELL INTO THE RIVER.

This was a distance of forty-five feet below. A loud shout went up from the crowd on the bridge and the river banks as Storey sank into the water. It was at first supposed that he was so weakened and so nearly strangled by hanging that he would not rise again, but in a moment he came to the surface and commenced paddling for the shore. Part of the crowd shouted, "Hang him up again," and a rush was made to capture him at the river bank. Some of the lynchers, however, were more humane and prevented Storey's recapture. He reached the shore more dead than alive. The officers who had been overpowered by the crowd at the jail had arrived on the scene by this time, re-enforced by a large body of citizens.

TO PREVENT THE LYNCHING OF THE PRISONER.

They helped the unfortunate man out of the water and took him to a hotel, where he was made as comfortable as possible. He is badly bruised and very weak, but seems likely to recover at this hour—midnight. The lynchers dispersed on the arrival of the officers at the bridge, and no further disturbance has been made.

There is great indignation throughout the place over the action of the crowd of lynchers, and it is now believed by many that he was innocent and that there was no elopement or seduction in the matter. Charles Atchley had turned his wife out after a quarrel, and Storey claims he was only offering her an escort to St. Louis. The wife took with her certain personal effects, and the charge made against Storey was the larceny of these goods. The mob came near hanging the wrong man, having got the rope around the neck of Henry Schilling, a plasterer at work on the new court-house, who was boarding with the jailer. The mistake was discovered just in time to prevent his being hanged.

### Daring Robbers in Indian Territory.

MCALLISTER, Ind. T., May 17.—One of the most daring robberies that has ever been attempted in this place was successfully accomplished this afternoon at two o'clock. Three unmasked men rode up to the store of J. J. McAllister, and, entering, ordered the two clerks in charge to open the safe and give up all the money. This they were unable to do, not being able to open the safe. One of the clerks, however, had \$20 in his trunk, which they compelled him to give up. They then took suits of clothes and whatever else they wanted. Several men had entered the store in the meantime, not knowing of the robbery that was going on. They were met at the door by one of the robbers, and, with a pistol at their heads, made to stand in file with the others, and hold up their hands. On leaving, the robbers took all the watches belonging to their victims, made them march to the middle of the street with hands up, and in this position the robbers bade them a hasty farewell and fled rapidly southward. The company's switch engine was quickly fitted up, manned by a force of well-armed men and dispatched in pursuit, but they soon discovered that the robbers had left the road and taken to the woods westward, and are still at large.



## THE JERSEY CITY TRAGEDY.

Closing Scenes in the Legal Inquiry into the Mysterious Murder of Police Officer Smith.

## THE ACCUSED ON THE STAND.

Mrs. Smith's Explanations and Bennett's Admissions of Improper Relations Existing Between Them.

## A WEAK CASE ON BOTH SIDES.

[With Illustrations and Portraits.]

The concluding week of the remarkable trial of Mrs. Jennie R. Smith, and her paramour, Covert Bennett, for the murder of the husband of the former, Officer Smith, in Jersey City, was marked by a far greater degree of public interest than the preceding. The first feature of the week was the appearance of Mrs. Smith on the witness-stand. There was little elicited from her testimony, however, beyond what has already been published.

At the direct questioning of Attorney Winfield, she denied having killed her husband, assisting, or being cognizant in any way of the murder. She was questioned as to the meaning of apparently significant passages in the letter admitted to have been written by Bennett while in jail, and explained them quite plausibly in a manner totally different from having any reference to the murder. The first really exciting feature of the trial was the appearance of Bennett on the stand. He detailed his life history and experience as a player in theatres in New York and Brooklyn as also

## HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE SMITHS.

He denied any knowledge of the murder and declared that on the night of its occurrence he was at the Atlantic Garden on the Bowery, where he remained, amusing himself, until eleven o'clock, when he crossed the Catharine street ferry to Williamsburg by the twenty minutes past eleven boat, and went direct to his room in Mr. Havemeyer's house, where he made his home, and knew nothing of the murder until he read it in the paper. He was then questioned concerning the letter, which he admitted sending to Mrs. Smith while in jail. The following passage in this part of the examination created quite a sensation in the court-room:

"What did you mean," asked Counsellor Hoffman, "when you said in the letter, 'I am sorry that I did that wrong. I should have got you in some other manner?'"

"The wrong referred to," answered the witness, slowly, "was the gaining of her affections, and I regretted that I had gained them in the method I had adopted to gain them. I meant that I should have gained her affections in some other way."

"To what did you allude by the words 'that wrong?'"

Here the witness remained silent for a few seconds. His eyes were cast down, and probably closed. When the question was repeated, he turned nervously on his chair, and, without raising his eyes, replied in an almost inaudible whisper:

"I meant I got her affections in a manner I considered wrong. I had difficulty in gaining her love, and did not gain it until I—had—got—possession—of—her body."

Here Bennett lowered his head with shame, and Mrs. Smith sobbed loudly.

On the third day, in contradiction of Bennett's alibi, the following evidence was adduced:

Ferdinand W. Hofile, the manager of the Bowery Theatre, from whom De Gez, the young man who testified that he saw Bennett in the Atlantic Garden at eleven o'clock on the night of the murder, swore that he obtained a pass for the theatre, testified that he (Hofile) did not know De Gez, and did not give him any such pass as had been described. The box office was closed at nine o'clock, and De Gez could not have procured a pass there at ten o'clock.

William B. Murray, the prompter in the Bowery Theatre, whom De Gez swore he was conversing with when he saw Bennett, testified that he had no knowledge of any such person as John F. De Gez or J. F. Thomas, which was the stage name of De Gez.

On the same day Prosecutor McGill summed up for the state, setting forth the contradictions in

## HIS ATTEMPTED ALIBI.

Counsellor Collins and ex-Judge Hoffman, for the defense, occupied the fourth day. Counsellor Collins said that he was not engaged in the case for any fee or reward. The court had requested him and Senator Winfield to represent the unfortunate widow, who was without means, and they were doing it. Had he formed from his investigations that the woman was guilty he would have afforded her all the privileges the law allowed her and stopped there; but, feeling convinced of her innocence, he trembled when he thought that through bad judgment or some mistake he might imperil the safety of that innocent woman. He claimed that Bennett had fully proved his alibi.

Judge Hoffman said that the case was purely one of circumstances, there being no direct proof produced. The prosecution, in opening, had said—if the defendants prove their innocence, they would join with the defence in asking for their acquittal. The defendants were not expected to prove their innocence. The law holds them innocent until they are proven guilty, and that the state had failed to prove.

## A Medical Student's Awkward Dilemma.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]  
COLUMBIA, Mo., May 14.—The members of the medical class of the University of Missouri, as the quiet-loving citizens of this otherwise orderly town are only too well aware, have acquired the habit of patrolling the streets at unseemly hours, and not unfrequently,

making night hideous to those who have retired hoping for peaceful slumber. Last week one of their number, who had recently returned from a visit, was the recipient of a complimentary visit, in honor of the occasion, from some of his fellows, who determined to make a "big time" of it. Some half dozen of these incipient sages, therefore, assembled at his room at ten o'clock that night, arriving there well stimulated to start with, and bringing with them sufficient of the "stimulator" to keep up the gait for the remainder of the night. One of the party, C. T. McLean by name, having taken what he termed a "toxic" dose of the "old stuff," undressed and retired for the small remainder of the night. After snoring vigorously for two hours, the boisterous revels of those who retained enough command of themselves to carry on the wassail, aroused him from his heavy slumber, and, as is not uncommon in such cases, he found himself exceedingly thirsty, notwithstanding the efforts he had so recently made to provide against thirst. He therefore took the water pitcher, and, clad in the truly simple costume of shirt and silk hat merely, started across the way to obtain a fresh drink of the aqueous fluid.

The noise of the chain pump, which he put in motion, aroused some dogs in the neighborhood. These, with canine curiosity, started to examine the cause of the untimely racket, and, seeing the remarkable and unaccustomed figure presented by our medical friend, immediately "tackled" him most viciously and, to save himself from their fangs, he was obliged to "shin up" a fortunately adjacent tree, in short meter. The lady of the house, to the grounds of which the pump belonged, awakened by the unusual disturbance, hastened to the door, lamp in hand, to ascertain the why and wherefore. At the sight of our half nude friend, however, she shrank back in horror. Her daughter, a young lady of eighteen, on looking through the window and taking in the situation, immediately fainted, and female shrieks and shouts of "Thieves! Murder! Police!" and the like, were speedily added to the discordant din already swelling upon the midnight air. A response soon appeared in the shape of quite a force of male citizens, armed with shot-guns, clubs and other weapons, who jumped to the conclusion that it was a case of attempted murder or outrage, and only the timely appearance of a few responsible individuals who knew and amply vouched for him saved the supposed baffled perpetrator from experiencing a taste of lynch law.

## An Indian's Death on the Gallows.

Portland Oregonian: Kat-koo-at, the Chillicat Indian, who was sentenced to death for the murder of Thomas J. Brown, in Alaska Territory, in January last, was hanged on yesterday afternoon. United States Marshal Waters performed the official duty. The stockade which had been erected to shut out public view did not prevent many from seeing the hanging who were not holders of tickets. Spectators were admitted until all the available space inside the inclosure was occupied, and many persons clamored up to the top of the fence and looked over, or peeped through the cracks between the planks.

Yesterday morning Kat-koo-at ate a hearty breakfast at six thirty. After despatching his meal Kat-koo-at sat down very composedly and smoked his pipe for some time. At about ten o'clock in the forenoon the Rev. W. C. Chaitin called at his cell. Mr. Chaitin, who converses fluently in the Chinook tongue, asked Kat-koo-at whether he was aware that he was about to die. The Indian replied:

"Yes, I know that; what time is it now?"

Mr. Chaitin said "ten o'clock;" to which Kat-koo-at responded:

"Three hours yet before I die."

At precisely fifty-three minutes past twelve o'clock Kat-koo-at, followed by United States Marshal A. W. Waters, Deputy Marshal W. P. Burns, Sheriff B. L. Norden, Constable M. B. Wallace, and the Rev. W. C. Chaitin, ascended the steps leading to the scaffold and took places thereon. As Kat-koo-at took his place in the center of the trap he surveyed the bystanders and made a profound bow. Marshal Waters read the death sentence in paragraphs, which was interpreted to the Indian by Constable M. B. Wallace. At the conclusion of each paragraph, Kat-koo-at nodded assent. Mr. Wallace asked him whether he had anything to say, and this was answered in the negative. Mr. Waters then drew the black cap quickly over the murderer's face and adjusted the noose, while Mr. Burns placed hand-cuffs on the wrists and buckled a strap around the ankles. Kat-koo-at maintained a stolid indifference, and not a quiver of a muscle was visible. At twelve fifty-eight Mr. Chaitin advanced and offered a prayer in the Chinook tongue. The "amen," the click of the trigger, and a thud were then heard almost simultaneously. Kat-koo-at had stood too close to the edge of the trap, and as he dropped, his body struck the side of the trapway and bounded to the other side. The breast heaved for two minutes and then the body was still. At one o'clock and two minutes the shoulders were drawn up. This was the last perceptible movement of the body.

## The Silver Lake Murder Horror.

The trial of Edward Reinhardt, charged with the murder of his wife, whose body was found buried in a half-barrel near Silver Lake, Staten Island, last fall, full details of which have been given in the GAZETTE, was in progress at Richmond, S. I., before Judge Dykman, during last week. The sensation of the trial thus far was the testimony of the prisoner, on the 22nd, who denied killing her and swore that she died from malpractice, performed by a mid-wife in this city, and admitted that he buried the body at Silver Lake, fearing that he would be charged with being an accessory to the abortion.

Three natives of Madras have been sentenced to transportation for life for killing a man. They believed him to be a sorcerer, and knocked a tooth out of his mouth to deprive him of all power of enchantment; but they knocked too hard, and not only effected their object, but killed the man in addition.

## BISHOP. THE OUR.

How the Norwich Poison Fiend and Self-Confessed Murderer of his Wife Saved his Ignoble Life by Turning Sneak and Informer on the Woman who had Forsaken Everything for him.

[With Portrait.]

Nowwich, Conn., May 20.—The closing scene in the poisoning conspiracy which resulted in the death of Charles H. Cobb, Jr., and Mrs. Wesley W. Bishop, in the spring and summer of 1878, was enacted in the superior court room in this city to-day. Spectators had gathered early in anticipation, and at two o'clock, when the court was called to order by the high voice of Sheriff Bates, every seat behind the rail was filled. Lawyers and physicians and several clergymen, who had been either witnesses or interested observers of the trial of Mrs. Cobb, were grouped in the lobbies or in front of the judge's desk. A moment later Judge Culver, who four months ago sentenced Kate M. Cobb to life-imprisonment in the state prison, took his seat.

Bishop had been driven down from his prison cell by Jailer Beckwith and a subordinate custodian, and as his gaunt form and haggard countenance passed swiftly across the court-room a momentary rustle of excitement disturbed the almost breathless silence, which was uninterrupted thenceforward to the end. He sat down at the foot of the sheriff's desk, guarded by his jailer, and flanked on one side by his uncle, Deacon S. B. Bishop, L. W. Dudley and other relatives. He was dressed in black, and his black slouch hat showed a narrow weed of mourning for his dead mother. The gold chain that dangled across his vest bore the dainty charm that Mrs. Cobb gave him and

## THE BLUE RIBBON OF TEMPERANCE.

His wan face, his manner and his air had changed little in the past few months, except that his extreme pallor was still more pronounced, his eyes more wild and unnatural, the lines about the mouth more sharply drawn, and his movements more nervous and restless. His physical prostration and waning health were more clearly shown in the feverish, sickly tint of his shrunken skin. He glanced over the court-room and then turned his face toward the southern windows, one of which had been raised to relieve the oppressive weight of the muggy air, and fixed his eyes on the waving foliage without. He was apparently the most uninterested spectator in the room. His face showed not a trace of emotion.

The lawyers rustled their papers on the table, and there was a moment's pause of uncertainty. Then State's Attorney T. M. Waller arose and said:

"If your honor please, Wesley W. Bishop, who was indicted for the murder of Charles H. Cobb, Jr., and Harriet M. Bishop, has heretofore pleaded not guilty to these indictments. I am informed by his counsel that he now desires to plead guilty of the murder of Mr. Cobb."

"He is ready, sir," replied Mr. Lippitt, who, with Mr. A. F. Park, has been Bishop's counsel.

In obedience to the order of the sheriff, the cadaverous form of Bishop stiffly arose, his eyes fastened upon the clerk, Webster Park, who held the indictment in his hand. Wesley was already familiar with this document, and the formal reciting of it was dispensed with.

"Are you ready to plead?" asked Clerk Park.

"I am," replied Bishop, firmly.

"What is your plea?"

Bishop replied, without the tremor of a muscle, "I AM GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE SECOND."

He then sat down and gazed calmly through the window.

The senior counsel for the prisoner, Mr. Lippitt, arose, his snowy hair brushed back from his face. He was moved by the situation, his voice was husky at times, and his manner was solemn and dignified. He reviewed the important features of the tragedy from beginning to end, and powerfully and eloquently set forth the fact that through all the windings of the conspiracy Kate M. Cobb was the evil temptress and the master spirit. It was she who first threw her charm over Bishop at the Breed Hall gathering. She beckoned to him from the window of her house, threw kisses to him and fell upon his neck, called him to appointed meetings, and sent poems to him when they were parted. He admitted his complete faith in the guilt of his client, but deprecated the inference that he was actuated by anything but a sincere desire that absolute justice should be done to the state as well as to Bishop. The plea of Mr. Lippitt was that Bishop was the pliable instrument in the hands of the stronger criminal; that he had been assured tacitly, if not by word, that his confession of guilt would redound to his own advantage; that it was mainly by his testimony that the conviction of Mrs. Cobb had been secured, and that he ought not to be more severely punished than

## THE PRINCIPAL IN THE CRIME.

Mr. Lippitt paid a fine tribute to the sagacity, vigilance and energy of Prosecutor Waller, and acknowledged his profound admiration of the courage, intellectual strength, and extraordinary nerve of Mrs. Cobb. He concluded as follows: "I trust that State's Attorney Waller and his Honor the Court will accept this plea."

Judge Culver said that if the Court had been taken unawares it might have asked time for deliberation, but the plea had been anticipated. He cited similar cases in criminal jurisprudence, spoke of the great service to the state Bishop's confession had rendered, and accepted the plea. "Mr. Clerk," said he, "please enter it on the record of the court."

"Bishop, stand up," said his Honor. "Have you anything to say?"

"No," replied the prisoner, so faintly that his counsel was obliged to communicate the word to the judge.

"Bishop," said the judge, "If you had made no confession, and had been found guilty of murder in the second degree, there would have been room for doubt of your guilt, but now your crime is proved beyond a doubt." The judge spoke feelingly of the consequences of the murder, and closed by saying: "I have no doubt that you realize your crime in its full

enormity. No discretion is left with me, and there ought to be none. The sentence is that you be confined in state prison during your natural life."

Bishop received his sentence with perfect composure. He silently bowed his head and left the court-room with his jailer. He will not be taken to Wethersfield until the expiration of the ten days which are granted by the state in similar cases. The indictment for the murder of his wife still hangs over his head, and should he ever receive legislative pardon he will be tried for that crime.

## A MISSING MATRON.

Coincidence of the Simultaneous Disappearance of her Married Lover and how Gossip puts the Circumstances Together.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 19.—The village of Cockeysville and vicinity, one of the most fashionable sections of Baltimore county, is greatly agitated over a shocking scandal involving two families of wealth and high social standing. Every effort to prevent the affair from gaining publicity has been made, but the fact was disclosed to-day that Mrs. Maggie Warden, the wife of George Warden, residing at Texas, near Cockeysville, had disappeared in company, it is alleged, with John W. Hoffman, a man several years her junior and also married. On Monday of last week it is stated that Mrs. Warden left her home about half-past six A. M., informing her husband that she intended to take the seven-forty train for Woodberry, where she proposed to visit some friends. She is said to have proceeded to Cockeysville, and, as has been ascertained, boarded the train and is supposed to have come to Baltimore. She was not missed until her failure to return the same evening alarmed her husband, who discovered that she had not been in Woodberry during the day. Subsequent investigation elicited the information that A. Hoffman, living at Warren, Baltimore county, about four miles distant, had also been missing from home since the morning of the same day.

## ON WHICH MRS. WARDEN DISAPPEARED.

On Thursday search was openly instituted for the missing couple, by the lady's family, who failed to contradict the numerous reports which were beginning to circulate reflecting on her. It soon became generally known that the lady's friends suspected that she had eloped with Hoffman. From statements alleged to have been made by Mr. Warden to a friend, it would appear that he had for several months suspected Hoffman of being more attentive to Mrs. Warden than circumstances justified. Hoffman, it is charged, was in the habit of visiting the lady in the absence of her husband, and during one of his visits he administered some medicine to her. Mr. Warden, who discovered this last proceeding, is said to have remonstrated with his wife and to have forbidden Hoffman coming to the house.

On the evening of the day preceding the elopement, Mr. Warden was called away from home on business, leaving his wife alone in the house with their two children. Hoffman, it is said, visited the house a few minutes afterward, and it is stated that he and Mrs. Warden sat alone in the parlor for several hours talking earnestly, and at times in an excited manner. Hoffman departed before the return of Mr. Warden, who, on coming home about eleven P. M., found his wife seated in a rustic chair on the lawn. When he spoke to her she appeared startled, and, turning in the bright moonlight, disclosed a tear-stained face, which

## SHE HASTILY ENDEAVORED TO CONCEAL.

Thinking she was still depressed in spirits, owing to recent ill-health, he spoke kindly to her and assisted her into the house. His careful attentions appeared to add to her distress, and she became violently agitated until left alone. The next morning, according to it is supposed, to an arrangement made the night before, she prepared to meet the early train at Cockeysville for Woodberry. Mr. Warden endeavored to dissuade her from making the visit, but she persisted, and, after partaking of a hasty breakfast and declining to wait for the carriage to convey her to the depot, she set out to walk to Cockeysville.

When last seen she was seated by a window with her face buried in her hands, apparently weeping. Hoffman left his home in Warren about six o'clock, telling his young wife that he was going out on business. He was traced across the country to Texas station on the Northern Central railroad, where he took the train for Baltimore, which leaves forty-five minutes in advance of the one taken by Mrs. Warden. Mrs. Warden is supposed to have remained on the train until it reached Baltimore, as Mr. Warden states that a lady answering his wife's description was seen to leave the train at the Union Depot upon its arrival there. The lady was joined by a young man in waiting, and the couple entered a hack, which was driven rapidly into the city. Mrs. Warden is a tall,

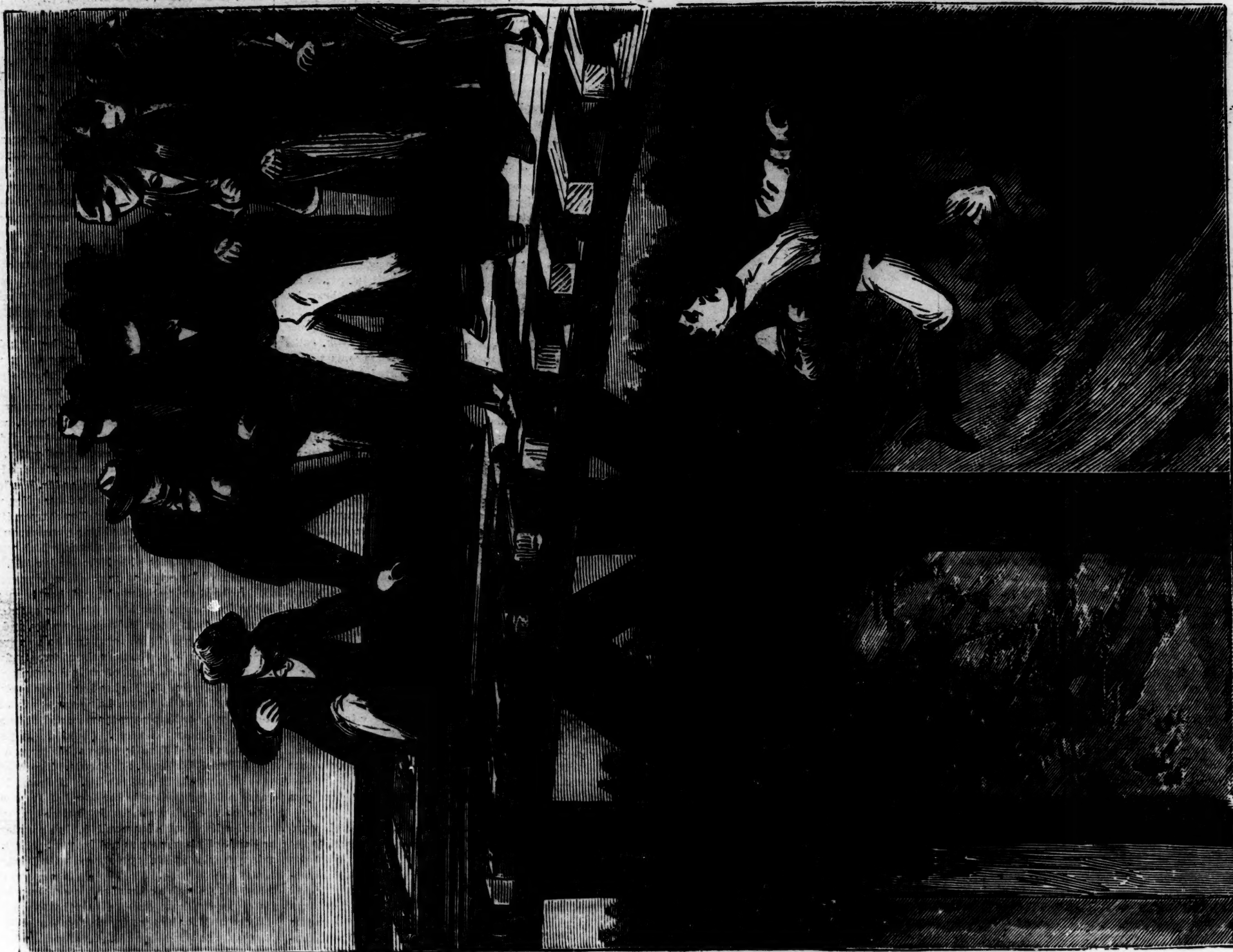
## GRACEFUL BLONDE OF ATTRACTIVE APPEARANCE.

She is about thirty years old, and has been married about four years. She is the daughter of Peter Parks, a prominent farmer of Baltimore county, and has two children, a boy and girl, to whom she was greatly attached. John W. Hoffman is about twenty-five years old, over six feet high, of sallow complexion and rather slender build. He has light hair and a mustache, the latter, however, being usually dyed black. He is of very ordinary appearance, and, it is said, occasionally drinks to excess. About three years ago Hoffman married Miss Georgiana Williams, a daughter of Daniel Williams, of Warren. The couple had one child, which is still living. Hoffman bears an unenviable reputation in the county. He was known to be out of funds up to the day before his departure, when he displayed a large roll of bank notes. How he obtained his money is not known. His unfortunate wife is completely prostrated with grief, and refuses to see anyone. Mr. Warden is also greatly distressed at his wife's course, and scarcely relaxes his search for her long enough to take necessary food and rest. It is thought by many that the eloping couple are in this city and the authorities here have been notified and are quietly conducting a search for them.





PRIVATE CHARLES MCAFFREY, OF COMPANY A, TWENTY-SECOND UNITED STATES INFANTRY, FATALY SHOT BY CAPTAIN LINCOLN, OF THE TENTH INFANTRY REGIMENT, IN RETALIATION FOR A DRUNKEN ASSAULT UPON HIM BY THE FORMER, AT FORT GRIFFIN, TEX.—SEE PAGE 2.

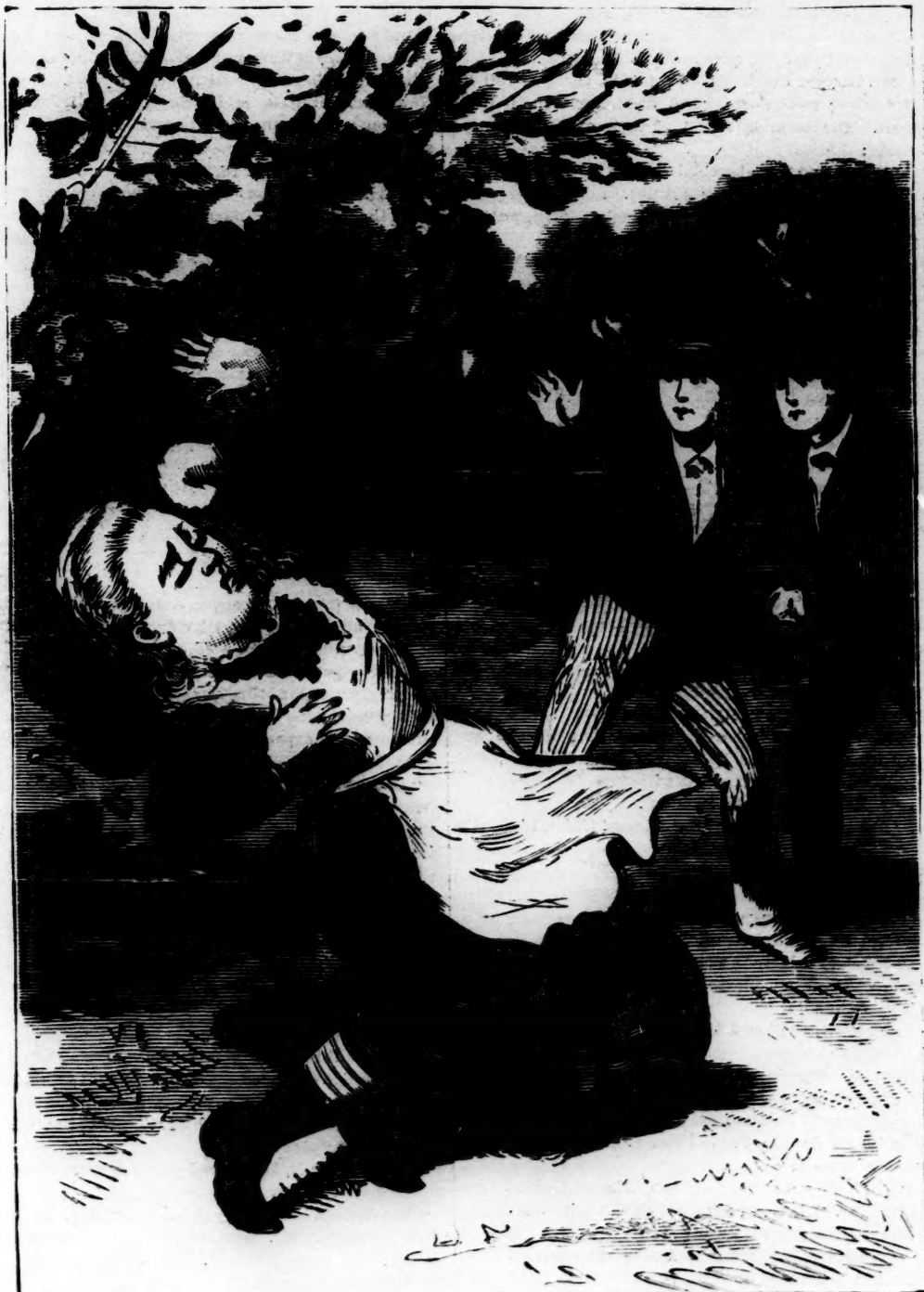


WILLIAM STOREY, ACCUSED OF ELOPING WITH ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE, IS DRAGGED FROM JAIL, IN BATAVIA, OHIO, BY A MOB AND HANGED TO A RAILROAD BRIDGE, BUT THE ROPE BREAKING HE FALLS INTO THE RIVER, FORTY-FIVE FEET BELOW, AND MAKES HIS ESCAPE.—SEE PAGE 6.

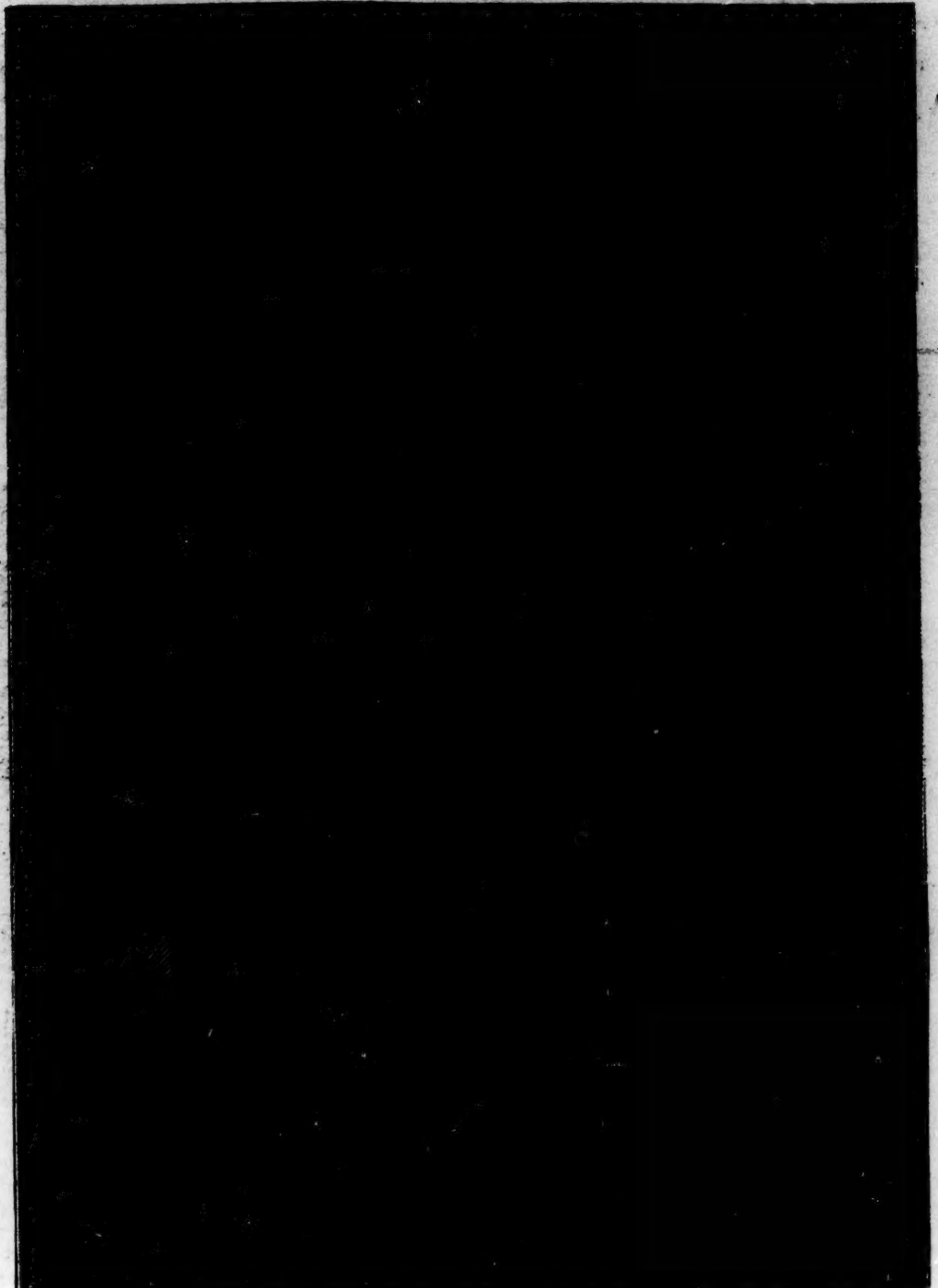




REVOLTING MEXICAN SUPERSTITION—SICKENING RITES OF FANATICAL MEMBERS OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDER OF PENITENTES OVER THE CORPSE OF A SISTER WHO HAD DIED FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE TERRIBLE SELF-INFLICTED TORTURES AND SCOURGINGS; RAYADO, NEW MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 6.



BARBAROUS MURDER OF A LITTLE GIRL BY BOY-RUFFIANS—HATTIE S. GOODSPEED STONED TO DEATH BY EDWARD REARDON AND THOMAS MURPHY, FOR FANCIED INTERFERENCE WITH THEIR GAME OF BALL; SOMERVILLE, MASS.—SEE PAGE 12.



AWKWARD DILEMMA OF A MEDICAL STUDENT WHO, WHILE ATTEMPTING, IN DISHABILLE, TO QUENCH HIS THIRST, IS TREED BY DOGS AND NARROWLY ESCAPES BEING LYNCHED AS A BURGLAR; COLUMBIA, MO.—SEE PAGE 7.



## CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses  
Against Person and  
Property.

## MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

How Horse-Stealing Arouses the Wrath of  
Western Justice to the Extent of the Ex-  
treme Penalty, where Homicide

## ESCAPES WITH A MILD REPROOF.

## TWENTY YEARS FOR HOMICIDE.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., May 17.—Gabe Marnach, convicted of the murder of Charles Mueller, was to-day given twenty years in the penitentiary.

## HORRIBLE NEGRO WIFE MURDER.

COLUMBUS, Texas, May 19.—Mack Anderson, a negro barber, whose wife deserted him, dangerously cut a white man with a razor yesterday on her account. To-day he cut the woman's throat with a razor, nearly decapitating her.

## THE DEMBY MURDER CASE.

WILMINGTON, Del., May 17.—Four young white men, Walter Flinn, George Kopp, Griffith Smith and James Monaghan, all of this city, were arraigned before the superior court, at Newcastle, to-day, on the charge of murdering Perry Demby, an old colored man, in North Wilmington, on April 5. They all pleaded not guilty.

## MURDERED BY A HORSE-THIEF.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., May 17.—A. M. Webb, who was shot by a horse-thief Thursday night, died at a late hour last night. An inquest and autopsy were held to-day, the verdict being murder by some unknown person. The county commissioners to-day offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the murderer. Three suspicious persons were arrested at Columbia City to-day and brought here, but they could not be identified and were discharged.

## A MANIAC FATHER'S AWFUL DEED.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 19.—L. Longbehn, a German, living on a vegetable ranch about five miles from Antioch, Contra Costa county, took his little boy and girl, aged respectively six and four years, into the fields last Friday, beat them to death with a club, cut their throats, and then went back into the house and blew his own brains out with a shot-gun. The family had always lived happily together, and it is supposed that Longbehn was suffering from an attack of mental aberration.

## A VILLAIN RIGHTLY SERVED.

WEATHERFORD, Texas, May 17.—At about the hour of three o'clock this morning a German restaurant-keeper, of this city, attempted rape upon a lady with whom he was in partnership, when she stabbed him twice in the bowels and once in the right arm. The wounds in the bowels are both very serious and painful; if not fatal. Both parties are under arrest and in charge of officers at the present writing. It is believed the woman was justified in what she did, and that nothing will be done with her.

## AN ABANDONED MURDERER'S INDIFFERENCE.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 19.—Helaine Latromouille, the alleged murderer of Catharine Dunsbach, near Cohoes, April 5th, was arraigned in court to-day for murder in the first degree, to which he pleaded not guilty. When brought into court he did not appear very deeply impressed with the gravity of his situation, and manifested some amusement at the remarks of his counsel. An allowance of \$200 was ordered by the court for the preparation of the defense. The trial will probably occur the first week in June.

## HORSE THIEVES SUMMARILY HANGED.

DENVER, Col., May 17.—A well authenticated report comes this way to the effect that two Germans, deserters from Fort Saunders, named Jacob Gettinger and John Heppard, while escaping through Kansas, were overtaken on the Eagle river by a committee of citizens and cow-boys from Kit Carson and summarily hanged, without judge or jury. The offense charged against them was stealing horses to assist their escape. They stole in all six saddle horses from the time they struck the Kansas border. They were hanged in a terrible storm of wind and rain on Sunday last. The men who hanged them are unknown. The feeling against horse thieves is so intense down that way that no effort will probably be made to punish them.

## A TRAMP KILLED BY HIS COMRADES.

CINCINNATI, O., May 17.—Early this morning the body of a man was found lying in Spring Grove Cemetery, near the fence. The face was covered with clotted blood. The hands were outstretched on either side, and one leg was drawn up. Under the head was found a handkerchief and a large, round piece of wood. The handkerchief and piece of wood were covered with blood. The piece of wood had been broken and it was identified as being half of a roller used at Callahan Bros.' marble yard, on Spring Grove avenue, in Cumminsville. The other half was produced. A large square piece of wood was found just outside the fence, near the body. It had a large clot of blood on one end, and it was discovered that there was a screw in the club projecting a quarter of an inch therefrom. This screw made a hole in the man's eyebrow. The murdered man is identified to-night as one of three men from Baltimore who were arraigned in the police court for vagrancy on Thursday. It is supposed his two companions murdered him, but for what no one can guess, as none had any money.

## UNREQUITED AFTER FIVE YEARS.

SEDALIA, Mo., May 17.—Five years ago last March a dastardly murder was committed near Versailles, in Morgan county, Mo., John Reed being the victim. The perpetrators were John L. Williams and an accomplice, whose name cannot now be recalled. Reed received his death blow from a neck-yoke in Williams' hands, who, not being satisfied, and desiring to make

his work sure, followed it up with numerous stabs. Williams fled the country, although a reward of \$200 was offered for his arrest. So cautious were his movements that no trace of his whereabouts were learned until a few weeks ago, when it was discovered that his home was in Fort Griffin, Texas. On the 12th, Marshal Lucas, of Nevada, Mo., was duly authorized to make his arrest, and proceeding at once to Texas, gobbled his man and arrived at home last Tuesday. Williams was placed in the Vernon county jail, and the Morgan county authorities were notified. They proceeded at once to Nevada, fully identified Williams, and they passed through this city to-day, en route for Versailles. It is said the evidence is positive against the prisoner.

## A NEW YORKER ASSASSINATED IN COLORADO.

W. H. Connett, formerly of New York, was recently assassinated in Colorado. He obtained employment when a boy in George Opydyke & Co.'s dry goods establishment, and rose to the control of the books and accounting of the house. He lived in Newark, N. J., married and became the father of three children. When he resigned his position it was to take the office of treasurer of the Morris and Essex railroad, a post he retained nearly three years; then he returned to what had become the banking house of George Opydyke & Co., and was given the desk of first book-keeper. Two months ago he announced his determination to go west, saying that he had an opportunity to make a fortune there. He did not explain how it was to be made. It now appears that he was persuaded to go to Colorado upon the representations of Edward A. Egglestone, who was to establish a bank upon a basis of one million dollars, and put it under Mr. Connett's management. Mr. Connett, it is said, gave Egglestone what money he had, which was not much, although it was the sum of his savings. Egglestone, it is alleged, turned out to be untrustworthy. On Saturday, 17th inst., Mr. Connett went to the cabin of John Howcutt, an assayer, at a place called Rosita, and while there was shot. He was seen to run from the cabin into the open air, and to fall dead. Howcutt and Egglestone were arrested, and Egglestone was held. Mr. Connett's wife and family are in Newark, N. J.

## A NEGRO MOTHER-SLAYER ON TRIAL.

The trial of Jacob Romer, the colored man, who is charged with poisoning his mother, Mrs. Catharine Griffin, at Hackensack, N. J., on April 18th, was opened on the morning of the 19th, before the Bergen county oyer and terminer, Judge Dixon presiding. Mr. A. D. Campbell prosecuted on behalf of the state and called William Robinson, colored, in whose house Mrs. Griffin was taken ill and died, and who testified that he was an expert in all cases of poison, having himself been poisoned while a steward on the Mississippi. He testified that in company with Tom Pierce, Mrs. Griffin and the prisoner he sat down to a meal of bean soup on April 8th, but Romer refused to take any; those who ate it vomited all night, and Robinson took lime-water as an antidote; he had seen Romer fill a spoon with liquid from a bottle in his pocket; he had used prepared flour in making the soup; he was by profession a doctor; he had left the house immediately after Mrs. Griffin's death and did not return till the following Monday; he admitted that a neighboring druggist had attributed the death to the mustiness of his flour. Charlotte Griffin, daughter of the deceased, testified that she had heard the prisoner say, "Robinson will be the next dead nigger carried out," and talk of disinfecting the house with chloroform. Lucy Cisco said that she had picked up in the house a vial, supposed to contain chloroform, on the day that Mrs. Griffin died. Susan Harris testified that she had seen the prisoner with a vial the smell of which made her sick.

## An Official in a Woman's Soap.

A scene took place a few days ago in the office of the Park Department, Sixteenth street and Union square, which brought business to a stand-still for some time, and caused considerable confusion as well as merriment. When John Beckett, the special messenger of the department, arrived, he found a Mrs. Woods waiting for him. In the presence of the clerks, Mrs. Woods charged Beckett with having seduced her seventeen-year-old daughter, Annie. The accused used every effort to keep the irate mother quiet and avoid an exposure, but to no purpose. "No, sir," she cried, "the world shall know what you are—a seducer and a villain. You have ruined my poor innocent child, and I am here to know what you have to say." Beckett denied the charge, and tried to quiet the woman, but to no purpose. The clerks interfered, and in order to put an end to further disturbance, induced Beckett to go with Mrs. Woods. They drove up to Seventy-second street and Fifth avenue, where Miss Woods and a younger sister were. "Annie," said the mother, "this man here denies that he has wronged you. Speak up; has he?" The girl, who was weeping, replied: "Mother, it is true," and then, turning to Beckett, she said: "John, do you deny this. You know that for over two years you have been promising to marry me. Are you going to desert me now?"

Beckett made many promises. "You are a married man, sir," put in Mrs. Woods.

Before leaving, Beckett promised to call the following day and see what could be done. Failing to do this, Mrs. Woods got out a warrant, and Beckett was arrested and held by Justice Duffy at the Yorkville court.

On the 20th Mrs. Woods called on Mr. James F. Wenman, President of the Park Department, who for the first time heard of the scandal. After endeavoring to comfort the woman, he said, "Mrs. Woods, I cannot compel this man Beckett to marry your daughter, nor is it within my province to deduct anything from his salary for the maintenance of your child, but there is one thing that I can do, and will, promptly, I shall dismiss him from the department. We do not allow any such conduct to be carried on here. In addition to this I shall assist you all I can in bringing this man to justice, for I understand he is a married man; to-day will be his last in this department."

## PAY DAY AT SUTRO.

Picturesque and Characteristic Glimpse of Nevada Social Life as Exhibited in the Tunnel Company's Office at "Squaring-up" Time with the Miners Running, the Gauntlet for their Money.

The Sutor Independent contains the following graphic description of scenes in the Tunnel Company's office on pay-day:

Seated around the room, in an awe-inspiring and impressive circle, were the boarding-house keepers, each armed with a book and pencil and a navy revolver, waiting for the fray. Were it not for the fact that they were in attendance for the purpose of identifying boarders who had given them fictitious names, they would have suffered a loss of several hundred dollars apiece. The stalwart Andy Conway, of the Tunnel restaurant, and the fresh and buxom Mrs. Carrie Puggard, of the Bonanza Hotel, joined their forces for this occasion only. Michael Kelly, of the Sutor Hotel, and William Long, of Long's Hotel, paired off together. Mr. Shirley, of the Miners' Home Lodging-house, sat solitary and alone, with a speculative look in his eye and a couple of account-books in his hand. Garret Sayres, of the Miners' Hotel, Mr. Center, of Goodban's restaurant, and A. J. Corbett, closed the list.

J. P. Garnett acted as the representative of the miners in receiving names and subscriptions for the \$3 per month hospital fund. The names of those who subscribed were taken down by Arthur B. Hoffman. A list of those who refused to join the fund was also kept for the information of the physician, in case non-subscribers should

## CALL ON HIM FOR ATTENDANCE.

In such cases the patient may send to Virginia City for a physician at great expense, or he must pay Dr. Brierly the fees charged by physicians for private patients. There is no coercion on the part of the company or any of its representatives in this matter. Those who subscribed did so willingly and cheerfully, while those who refused seemed to be of the opinion that they would never get hurt or sick while they worked in the tunnel.

At the end of the table occupied by Mr. Garnett and his assistant was seated Mr. Hebert, financial secretary of the Silver City Miners' Union. He was present in the interest of the miners, to see that every man working in the tunnel was either a member of the union or had a card of application.

The process of paying off was proceeded with as rapidly as possible under the circumstances, and many comical features were observed. When "time" was called, Mr. Markwell, the door-keeper, admitted a shivering miner. When he got inside the door he gazed in astonishment at the crowd inside and stood stock still in the middle of the floor.

## NOT KNOWING WHICH WAY TO TURN.

Mr. Hopper—Step this way. The man, heaving a sigh of relief, marched up to the railing and presented his time card.

Mr. Hopper (reading in a loud voice)—Llewellyn Tremberthydythx, twenty-five shifts, \$100.

Mr. Hopper frantically dives into the pay-roll for the name; so do Corbett and Sheldon and the poll-tax man. The name is found at last, and Mr. Hopper reads:

"Llewellyn Tremberthydythx, \$100 gross, poll tax \$4, board \$25; total \$29; \$71 net. Is that correct?" "Correct," replies Llewellyn, and so forth, putting the cash into his pocket.

He then signs the pay-roll and starts for the door, but is caught by the collar by Corbett. "Here, sign this duplicate pay-roll." He does so, and makes a wild rush for the door, but finds an arm affectionately twined around his neck. The arm belongs to Mr. Garnett, who points to the subscription list and remarks, in seductive tones, "Have you subscribed to the Miners' Hospital Fund?"

"No," answers the man with the ragged-edged name.

"Would you like to?"

"Well, I don't mind. How much is it?"

"Ten shifts or less, \$1; twenty or less, \$2; over twenty, \$3. This will entitle you to medical attendance, nurses and medicines free of charge."

"All right," and the \$3 are plunked down. "I got more than \$10 worth of medicine from the doctor last month."

Mr. Garnett makes the Sutor bow—a courtesy far more elaborate and graceful than

## THE PARISHAN SALUTATION.

"I now have the honor to present you to the financial secretary of the Silver City Miners' Union, who desires a little conversation with you."

Mr. Hebert takes him in hand.

"Are you a member of the Miners' Union?"

"Yes."

"Of what place?"

"Virginia City."

"Have you your card with you?"

"No; I left it in Virginia."

"We shall call upon you in about a week for your card, and you will please have it ready for inspection by that time."

"All right, sir," and Llewellyn T. makes his escape through a side door.

On the forenoon of the first day a man about six feet and a half in height went through the ordeal successfully until he was treated to the Sutor bow and introduced to the F. S. of the S. C. M. U., when he lost his temper.

"Are you a member of the Miners' Union?" inquired Mr. Hebert, in his most dulcet tones.

The tall individual appeared to

## TAKE THIS QUESTION AS A PERSONAL INSULT.

"I am a member of the Virginia and Gold Hill Union for the last eight years, and I'd like to see the man that's got anything to say against it," and he cast a look of defiance upon the crowd and started for the door.

"But, hold on, my friend; have you a card?"

The man immediately struck a fighting attitude. "No, I haven't got any card, but I've got lots of

credit, and if you want anything out of me, you can step outside, and I'll give it to you good."

He was allowed to depart amidst a roar of laughter. The men were paid off at the rate of thirty an hour, or one every two minutes.

It was not until Saturday night that all the payments were finished. One thousand and ten men are working in the tunnel and about three hundred above ground at the present time.

## Charles B. Orvis, a Life-Long Swindler and Forger.

## [With Portrait.]

Charles B. Orvis, a notorious forger and life-long swindler and confidence-man, whose portrait is given on another page, was arrested on the 12th instant, by Captain Kealy and Detective Timothy Golden, of the Police Central Office, who had been industriously working up his case, on a search-warrant issued by Judge Cowing, on May 3rd.

There are twenty-eight indictments against him in the district attorney's office, besides several in Chicago. He is the man who is said to have swindled Mr. Bradshaw, of Chicago, out of \$4,500 in a fraudulent real-estate transaction. He also pocketed a few thousand dollars by forging the title to a farm and then selling the farm to a French lady in Chicago. He has had a long and successful career of crime. His impudence and audacity are unbounded. While under arrest a few years ago the New York Times called him a burglar. He escaped through a legal technicality, and promptly sued the Times for libel. He was arrested on the charge of forging his bail and of having obtained \$20,000 from George B. Ripley, a banker of this city, giving as security forged bonds of the cities of New York, Buffalo and Erie to the amount of \$25,000. His wife, a native of Ohio, whose parents refused to recognize her after she married Orvis, died recently, and he went to live at 40 East Thirtieth street with his two children, a girl of sixteen and a boy of twelve years. When the officers rang his bell, the servant who opened the door, said Mr. Orvis was in bed. The officers went up-stairs and knocked at the door of his room, and his daughter opened it. She at once shut the door in their faces. The officers broke in, and Orvis was promptly arrested. His daughter began to cry. "You don't dare take papa away," she said, shaking her fists in the faces of the officers.

Orvis was taken to police headquarters. He said he was forty-five years old. He is a small man, with sharp features and smooth face. He was locked up in one of the strongest cells in the building. He said that he received the bonds from Charles N. Perrin, alias Charles Williamson, who is a noted burglar and forger. While Williamson was serving out a term of ten years in Sing Sing, for forging Buffalo, New York and Erie bonds, he set fire to the store-house, in which he was working, and escaped during the confusion. He then went to England, and, with another New York forger, committed a series of forgeries on London bankers. He was arrested and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. In relating the history of this remarkable criminal, Detective Golden said that Orvis at one time kept the Rochester House in this city, at Broadway and Eighth street, which in 1873 was the headquarters of Walter Sheridan, alias Charles Ralston who is now serving a sentence of ten years for forging New York, Buffalo and Erie bonds. Roberts and Gleason, who are supposed to have forged the bonds, are at present in Ludlow street jail for an effort to flood Wall street with \$3,000,000 of New York, Buffalo and Erie bonds. Sheridan on one occasion got \$85,000 from the New York Indemnity company, giving as security \$100,000 of forged bonds. Orvis, it is charged, swindled the Anthony House by giving the proprietor a check on a man in Kingston, N. Y. Mr. Merritt telegraphed to Kingston, and the man, who was a confederate of Orvis, answered that the check was all right. The check was cashed, and it was afterward protested. He was taken before Judge Cowing and remanded to the Tombs without bail.

Orvis was convicted in Cleveland, O., in December, 1859, of the charge of passing a fictitious bank bill, for which he was sentenced to three years in the Ohio state prison at Columbus. He was discharged August 2nd, 1862, on the expiration of his term of imprisonment.

## Betting on a Sure Thing.

Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle: A tough-looking citizen walked into one of the justice's courts yesterday afternoon very much intoxicated and requested that he be allowed to swear off drinking for a year. His Honor obligingly put him through the solemn motions, and the convert, with a confused rumble of well-meant but profanely expressed resolutions, stumbled out of the court-room.

"Bet he don't keep it an hour," said one of the grinning lawyers.

"Bet he sticks to it a week, anyhow," observed the court with confidence.

"Nonsense!" cried everybody.

"What'll you bet?" asked the judge.

"Twenty to ten," exclaimed an eager attorney, producing the money.

"Done!" cried his honor, and the stakes were turned over to a Chronicle reporter.

"Constable," said the court quietly, "go out and fetch that man back."

In a few minutes the reformed one was dragged in and the judge ascended his dais, rapped for order and looked severe.

"Charged with being drunk," said the court.

"What's your plea?"

"Guess I'm full," admitted the prisoner, with an idiotic smile.

"Ten days in the county jail. Constable, lock up your prisoner. Mr. Reporter, hand this court that wealth. Court's adjourned. Boys, let's go out and flood our lower levels."

SNOW HILL, Md., May 21.—The grand jury, which has been engaged since Monday in examining witnesses in the case of Miss Lillie Duer, on charge of shooting Miss Ella Hearn, has indicted Miss Duer for murder in the first degree. Miss Duer, it is reported, refusing to put in a plea of insanity.



# GALLOWS GLORY.

How Six Crime-Soaked Wretches Achieved it After the same Conventional Fashion on the Scaffold.

## THE CHAPEL HILL TRIO

Swung off for Burglary, but well Worthy of it—The Murderous Tramp's Miserable Death—Cassler's Tardy Doom.

### FITTING END OF A FIEND.

[With Illustrations and Portraits.]

HILLSBORO, N. C., May 16.—This is an exciting day in this usually quiet town, being the occasion of what few ever saw before, a triple execution. The condemned men were Alphonso Davis and Henry F. Andrews, white men, and Lewis Carlton, a negro. These were the celebrated Chapel Hill burglars, whose daring and desperate attempts at robbery and outrage during 1877-8, at Chapel Hill, the seat of the University of North Carolina, created an excitement never before equalled by any events of the kind in that section. They were hanged for burglary—an offense not so grave as that of murder, but for which the law of North Carolina inflicts the same penalty—death. On the night of the 15th of June last, the premises of Mrs. Margaret Lydia Hendon, in the town of Chapel Hill, were entered. The facts which led to the conviction of the accused were given by one of their party, Albert Atwater, who turned state's evidence. About ten o'clock on the night of the 15th of June, Mrs. Hendon, who is a widow lady, with three pretty daughters, retired. Her daughters were asleep in an adjoining room. The house is situated in the eastern part of the town of Chapel Hill. Having closed the windows and doors, she was sitting near a trunk. A little while after she heard some one walking in the back yard, and then a noise at the front door. She lit the lamp and pushed a chair to indicate that she was awake. Very soon she heard the noise again, and then the front door was burst open. She ran to the window and began to scream. Two men rushed in, overturned the lamp and

FELLED HER TO THE FLOOR WITH AN AX.

The parties were frightened away by the footsteps of the neighbors, who rushed in upon hearing the screams of Mrs. Hendon. She was badly cut in the head by the ax, and bruised about the neck and shoulders. She recovered. Alphonso Davis and Henry Andrews, and the two negroes, Lewis Carlton and Albert Atwater, were arrested on suspicion of having been the guilty parties. Atwater made a clean breast of it, and detailed minutely the happenings of the night.

On the night of the burglary he was met by Carlton, who proposed that they should take a walk, to which he agreed. After going a short distance they were met by the two white men, Davis and Andrews. Davis, he said, then urged him to take part in the robbery of Mrs. Hendon's house, telling him of the booty to be obtained, and promising him a share in the proceeds. He then detailed the burglarious exploit and declared that it was Davis who struck Mrs. Hendon with the ax. The parties were tried at the October term of the superior court of Orange, and found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on Friday, the 22nd day of November. An appeal taken to the supreme court affirmed the decision of the lower court, and the prisoners were sentenced to be hanged Friday, the 16th of May. Davis wept when he heard his sentence, but the others manifested no emotion.

An immense crowd was present, over 5,000 in all. The condemned men were perfectly cool as they walked on the scaffold. A most disgusting thing connected with the scene was the fact of many of the crowd

BETTING AS TO WHICH WOULD DIE FIRST.

The odds were that Carlton, the "nigger," would be the first man to die. There was much excitement in the crowd over a rumor that the condemned men would make some startling revelations as to their violent acts towards some ladies in the house they entered. This morning they were notified by the governor that they need expect no further clemency, whereupon they went to the jail windows and harangued the crowd, and Davis particularly spoke of the governor as a man "who would receive no mercy in hell when he got there." He said, however, that he did not care a damn, as he had to die some time, and now was just as good a time as any other. This morning there was great excitement over the rumor that an attempt to rescue the prisoners would be made. The Hillsboro Rifles, fifty-seven strong, were early on the ground, and their presence prevented anything of the kind. The condemned were dressed in black suits with cowls, after the style of those worn by priests. Each one acknowledged his guilt, but all said burglary was too light an offense to die for.

THE EXECUTION WAS ROMANTIC IN THE EXTREME.

Just as the doomed men ascended the platform a murky cloud, which had been drifting around, hung over the crowd and the instrument of death.

Davis began to speak, and as he opened his mouth the thunder began to peal, and the rain came down in torrents. Not a man, woman or child in the vast crowd moved or seemed to be aware that the rain was falling, so wrapped up in the death scene were they. At times the cloud threw such a dense shadow over the scene that it seemed as though night had enveloped the place. Then the lightning, vivid and intense, lit up the field of blood and cast forward, in bold and statuesque relief, the figures of the doomed and their executor as he stood like an artilleryman, lanyard in hand, ready to send the signal of death forward. Carlton was the last man who spoke, and then all three bade their friends farewell. The sheriff paused nervously, for a moment, and then sprang the trap, and the souls of the three burglars went out and

beyond, forked lightning illumining their way and the wildest of thunder pealing their requiem.

## West, the Tramp, Strangled.

[With Portraits.]

BOONVILLE, Mo., May 16.—John I. West, the murderer of Frank Shin, was executed at half past eleven o'clock this morning in the presence of about five thousand persons. The gallows being erected on the banks of the Missouri river, the hillsides adjoining were packed with spectators, who acted more as if they were present to witness a balloon ascension than the taking of a human life. West walked to the scaffold unaided, and, after prayers by the attending clergymen, harangued the crowd for thirty minutes, confessing to burglary, forgery, murder and lesser crimes. He professed to have made his peace with God, and beseeched those present to heed the counsel of good fathers and mothers and not follow in his footsteps.

Precisely at half past eleven the trap fell, and to the horror of every one the rope broke and

WEST FELL TO THE GROUND.

While prostrate under the scaffold he struggled and moaned for fully half a minute. He fell on his back and was too weak to rise. The gurgling sounds, indicating slow strangulation, were dreadful to hear. Then the officers and newspaper men inside the ring picked him up, and the rope being handed up through the trap, it was tied to a ring, and from the hands of half a dozen strong men it was let fall a second time. He then struggled fully ten minutes before life was extinct. The scene was horrible in the extreme. The man was bunglingly strangled. The crowd surged and pushed about the gallows like raving lunatics. After hanging twenty minutes the body was cut down and turned over to his father, who arrived this morning from Illinois.

West was a tramp, and the crime for which he suffered, the murder of a fellow tramp, named Frank Shin, whom he killed by crushing in his head with a stone in an untenanted log-house where the pair had stopped for the night, near Pilot Grove, Mo., on the night of October 5 last, has already been detailed in the GAZETTE. Through the exertions of his attorney he had obtained a lease of his life from March 28th, the date of

HIS FORMER SENTENCE.

A few days ago, when the last hope of pardon had departed, West made a full and free confession of the crime for which he suffered to-day, but claimed there were extenuating circumstances. He stated that on the day of the murder he entered the old shanty with Shin, and that the dead man wanted to make a raid upon Boonville, "crack" a bank and then leave the country. This West refused to do, and the discussion which followed became so heated that Shin jumped up and rushed at him (West), who grabbed up a rock and hurled it at his assailant, striking him square in the forehead and felling him to the ground like a bullock. He saw at once that the man was dead, and, changing the clothes of the deceased for his own, closed and fenced up the door, hanging by one hinge, and left the scene of the tragedy. During his incarceration here he made two attempts to escape, but was frustrated by the vigilance of his keepers.

## A Black Rape Fiend Shipped.

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 17.—Yesterday Robert Cheney, colored, was hanged in Plaquemine, for a criminal outrage upon Amelia Voight. Since his late attempt at escape he has been chained to the floor of his cell. Friday morning he awoke at dawn, and asked at seven o'clock for a glass of milk, but was not able to drink half of it. At half-past nine o'clock he was informed his mother had called, but he declined seeing her, saying, "When she comes she always makes me cry, and I don't want anyone to cry for me when I can't cry for myself." Some seventy persons now came in—men, women and children—and he told them that the night before he had seen the Lord Jesus in his cell, who declared that he would be with him on the brighter shore. He was then allowed to take leave of his fellow-prisoners, and he exhorted them to take warning by himself. At about five minutes to eleven he was led out of the prison, accompanied by the colored Baptist preacher, and followed by several of his relatives and friends.

Precisely at eleven o'clock he mounted the scaffold. Some two thousand persons were present. When asked by the sheriff if he had anything to say, he spoke as follows: "Well, my friends,

I STAND BEFORE YOU LIKE A LOOKING-GLASS. Take me as an example and prepare to meet me in Jordan. Men make laws, but God is greater than man, and He has forgiven me forever and eternally."

These remarks ended, the sheriff pinioned his arms and legs, but he evinced not the slightest emotion.

Ten minutes past eleven the black cap was pulled over his face, and in five minutes the trap fell. There was, as is not unfrequently the case, a bungle in the execution. The neck was not broken by the fall, but the unfortunate prisoner was strangled to death, the noose not being properly adjusted. All this while the body seemed to suffer fearful pain as would appear from its terrible contortions. At twenty minutes past eleven Cheney was pronounced dead and the body given for burial.

Robert Cheney was convicted in June last of having criminally outraged the person of Amelia Voight, a young German girl, in the outskirts of the town of Plaquemine some two months previous to his trial. The culprit was a mulatto, about eighteen years of age, not by any means prepossessing in appearance, indeed had rather a sinister expression of countenance, and

CAME OF BAD BLOOD.

One of his brothers is now in our state penitentiary for life, having been likewise convicted of the same offense. Why a distinction was made in the case of the two brothers has naturally been the subject of considerable inquiry, and in fact has been made one of the points on which a mitigation of the sentence of Cheney has been urged. The Governor, however, who is known to be adverse to capital punishment, has carefully examined all the particulars of the case on which an appeal for mercy could be allowed, and

refused to change the punishment inflicted by the court. The victim of the outrage is quite a small, delicate, feeble little girl, thirteen years of age. Her parents are German, poor and industrious, and have always borne the reputation of good, honest people. The father is an upholsterer and repairer of furniture by trade. Early on the morning of June 7, 1878, Amelia was sent on an errand by her parents. On her way home, so the story runs, she met a mulatto man, who, under threats and promises, led her into a cow yard on the extreme limits of the town of Plaquemine and there assaulted her person. Further threats were then made against the girl's life if she ever dared to reveal what had happened to her, and immediately afterward

HER ASSAILANT HURRIED AWAY.

Almost fainting, and so weak that she could scarcely stand, the poor little victim dragged herself home, crying bitterly. When asked what was the matter she declared that an attempt had been made to violate her, but denied that her assailant had accomplished his purpose. When further questioned by her parents as to the party who had assaulted her, she said she did not know his name, but was certain she could recognize him if she could see him again. When Cheney was brought before her she cried, trembled violently and seemed to be perfectly overcome by terror, and then declared that he was the man. There were no witnesses of the outrage, except the violator and his poor, unfortunate little victim, and she still persisted, when repeatedly interrogated by her parents, that there had been only an attempt made upon her person. Subsequent medical examination proved the contrary, and then the poor little girl, in the presence of the court, finally acknowledged the truth. This difference between the two statements was made one of the grounds upon which was urged the plea against conviction. It was stated on the other side, however, that the first account might have been given through fear or a sense of disgrace, and that it did not prove that the second statement was

WITHOUT FOUNDATION IN TRUTH.

The prisoner had the best counsel for his defense that the panel could afford. David N. Barrow tendered his services free of charge, and fought the whole matter with most singular determination and perseverance through all the courts of the state as long as it could possibly be contended. One of the points made by the counsel was that the prisoner was subject to a species of insanity, a kind of *furor veneris*, and was therefore, not responsible for his acts. This argument, to say the least of it, may be considered as remarkable.

One circumstance, however, would seem to show that the prisoner—who after his conviction thought proper to assume a sullen and defiant attitude—was not as crazy as he was supposed to be occurred on Wednesday last. On that day, about nine o'clock in the evening, the jailer who has charge of him went into the iron cage to clean the cell. Cheney was called out and ordered to assist in the cleaning. On the morning referred to, the jailer, who usually goes to such work fully armed, on this occasion had only his revolver on him. The cleaning being finished, Cheney was ordered back to his cell. Quick as thought he made a dash at the jailer and struck him a terrible blow on his head. Although stunned for a moment in the encounter, the jailer drew his revolver and finally overpowered Cheney and succeeded in getting him back again into the cage after a desperate resistance. After this unsuccessful attempt to escape Cheney became apparently reconciled to his fate and asked for some spiritual advice and comfort, in order to be ready to meet his doom. Subsequently the prisoner acknowledged his crime and only pleaded for mercy.

## Another Nebraska Killer Swung Off.

[With Portrait.]

REWARD, Neb., May 20.—Orlando Cassler, the murderer of George L. Monroe, suffered the extreme penalty of the law here to-day. The prisoner had wonderful nerve, and mounted the scaffold, accompanied by his spiritual adviser, without any sign of faltering. Upon taking his place on the trap the death warrant was read by the sheriff, after which Cassler spoke in a clear voice, saying that he was about to die for a crime he never committed. He was sorry to die that way, but there appeared to be no help for it. He could not say more, but hoped to meet his hearers in heaven. Cassler stood upon the trap the finest looking man in the company, and apparently the least concerned in the business which was going on. He was dressed in a plain suit of clothes, and spoke without the slightest tremor in his voice. It was the intention of the sheriff to make the execution strictly private, according to the law of the state; but an hour previous to the execution a mob rushed in, pushed aside the sworn deputies and tore down the inclosure which had been built around a part of the jail, and within which the gallows was erected, in accordance with the law. The mob tore down the entire inclosure inside of five minutes, piling the boards outside of the line. Several prominent citizens tried to prevent this lawlessness, but were disregarded by the mob, who were determined that the execution should be public. A crowd of over three thousand persons were present. The drop fell at half past one p.m., and soon after Cassler's speech. The drop was nearly five feet, and the culprit's neck was broken, notwithstanding which for some time there were some nervous twitchings of the feet and arms, and it was ten minutes before Cassler was pronounced dead. The body was placed in a coffin and taken to Cassler's former home, at Beaver Crossing, in this county.

## An Unfortunate City.

QUINCY, Ill., May 17.—Owing to the refusal of a large number of the heaviest tax-payers to pay their city tax, claiming the per cent. to be in excess of the amount allowed by charter, Mayor Rogers will on Monday issue an order discharging the police and fire department, to take effect after May 31st. He has already notified the gas and water companies that there is no money to pay them, and that they must look out for themselves if they continue the supply.

## HORRIBLE HELL GATE.

Sad Disaster to a Sunday Excursion Company at New York's Marine T'error, by which a Party of Pleasure was Turned into one of Bitter Mourning.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Sunday afternoon, 18th inst., Little Hell Gate was the scene of a distressing accident, which resulted in the drowning of three persons. About three o'clock a pleasure party, consisting of seven persons, embarked in a small steam launch at the foot of Thirty-fourth street, intending to sail as far as High Bridge. That point was safely reached by the happy excursionists, who enjoyed to the utmost the pleasant sail. The party was made up of young people bent on making the most of the day's enjoyment. On reaching High Bridge a short stop was made, and then the launches prow was turned homeward. All went well and merrily until the neighborhood of Little Hell Gate was reached. The evening was not far advanced and the atmosphere was delightful, so the party resolved, instead of returning homeward immediately, to take advantage of the smooth water and pleasant evening to enjoy a sail on the sound. Full of the brightest anticipation the excursion party saw the launch's head turned into the narrow channel which separates Ward's and Randall's islands and is

KNOWN AS LITTLE HELL GATE.

The party in the boat at that moment consisted of John A. Strenglein, aged twenty years; Carl Strenglein, aged ten years; Rosie Strenglein, aged fifteen; Mrs. Adams, her daughter Sarah and her son William, eight years of age. The party was completed by James Hall, who had charge of the rudder, while John A. Strenglein looked after the boiler. It seems that Hall knew nothing of the Little Hell Gate channel, never having sailed a boat through it, and made the mistake of keeping the center of the channel instead of hugging the shore, where there is at least forty feet of water. John Strenglein, noticing the course he was taking, shouted to him to steer toward the shore, and Hall did as he was directed, but it was too late. The launch was going at a good speed and almost at the same moment that Hall attempted to change his course it struck a large rock known as Little Hog's Back and capsized, sinking immediately and

CARRYING DOWN ALL ON BOARD.

Fortunately there were numerous row-boats with fishing parties in the river near the scene of the accident, and these hastened to the assistance of the unfortunate excursionists.

John A. Strenglein, when the boat capsized, was thrown into the water, but found himself hooked by a piece of machinery. Fortunately, however, he had sufficient presence of mind to tear his trousers and release himself. When he rose to the surface he saw a young girl struggling in the water near, and, being able to swim, went to her assistance. He tried to reach the bowsprit of the launch, which stood above the water, in order to support the girl, but owing to the tide running against him he was unable to do so. He managed, however, to support her until a boat arrived and took both out of the water. Help also reached Mrs. Adams and little Carl Strenglein, but no trace could be discovered of the other three members of the party. From the moment the boat sank no one saw them, and it was evident that they had been caught by the awning and dragged to the bottom. Of this lately joyous party James Hall, Rosie Strenglein and William Adams were carried down and drowned. John A. and Carl Strenglein, Mrs. Adams and Miss Sarah Adams were rescued while struggling in the water.

A sad feature of the accident was the fact that James Hall and Rosie Strenglein were engaged to be married, and the day had already been named. Mrs. Adams, whose little son was drowned, is a widow. She received some severe injuries and remains under the doctor's care at Ward's Island, where the whole rescued party were removed until their friends could be communicated with. The Strengleins were able to return to their home.

## Mysterious Shooting Affray.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

XENIA, O., May 19.—A remarkable and mysterious episode occurred in the way of a shooting affair in this city, a few nights since.

On one of our prominent streets, though little frequented at that hour, the few stray passers-by who happened in the vicinity were not a little astounded and alarmed to see two men, on opposite sides of the street, blazing away at each other at a lively rate with revolvers. Of course, the occurrence speedily drew a crowd as near to their vicinity as appeared to be healthy, when the two strangers, suddenly noticing the presence of spectators, of whose approach, in the eagerness of their homicidal efforts, they at first appeared unconscious, suddenly turned and ran away. They were not halted, if indeed in the excitement of the occasion any such attempt was made, as is unlikely, and now the singular character of the affair and the fact that no one was able to recognize them, renders it the one prevailing topic of the city and a more than nine days wonder of gigantic proportions.

The men had their faces carefully muffled by their coats and hats, and this, with the dim light, the excitement of the moment and the rapidity of the occurrence, rendered their identification difficult if not impossible. Some maintain that they saw enough of them to be convinced that they were strangers in the city, and general opinion seems to have settled upon the theory that the affair was a genuine duel probably agreed upon at short notice by the mysterious, unknown combatants.

## B. F. Weatherford, Fugitive Forger and Bigamist.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere we give an authentic portrait of B. F. Weatherford, a fugitive from justice. He is "wanted" at Joplin, Mo., to the extent of \$500, for forgery and bigamy, that amount being guaranteed by the authorities of that town for his safe return to them, or information that shall insure his capture.



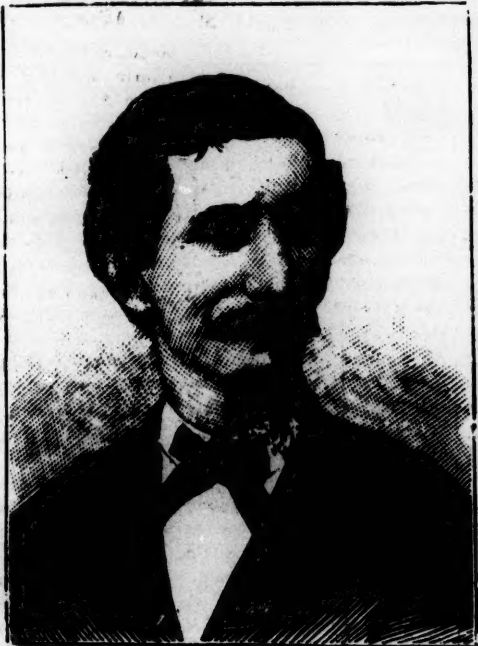
### Barbarous Murder of a Little Girl by Boy Ruffians.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Boston, May 19.—The inhabitants of Somerville were shocked to-day by the murder of Hattie S. Goodspeed, not yet eleven years old, by some boys about her age. The victim was a beautiful, light-haired girl, daughter of William H. Goodspeed, who keeps an eating-saloon at 104 Broad street, Boston. Hattie and her sister Leona, who is about seven years of age, attended the Edgerly school. On Saturday afternoon they went to the nunnery grounds off Broadway to play, and there they met several young friends and engaged in childish sports. Several boys, ranging in age from seven to fourteen years, were playing ball on the grounds. Two of these boys were Edward Reardon and Thomas Murphy. The ball chanced to go by one of the catchers, and rolled down the hill near where the girls were playing. It is supposed that Hattie Goodspeed picked it up and would not give it up when the boys asked for it, but on her dying bed she disclaimed having touched the ball. The boys began to throw stones, and the girls stood defenseless before them. A large stone, thrown either by Reardon or Murphy, struck Hattie on the temple, and she fell senseless. The boy who hit her ran away immediately. With the assistance of her girl friends, the little sufferer started for home, but fainted several times on the way. On going into the house, at about five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, she exclaimed to her father: "Oh, papa, I have been hurt so." She died late last night.



MYSTERIOUS SHOOTING AFFRAY IN XENIA, O.—TWO MUFFLED MEN INDULGE IN A BIT OF SHOOTING PRACTICE AT EACH OTHER, ACROSS THE STREET AND ESCAPE WITHOUT THEIR IDENTITY BEING DISCOVERED.—SEE PAGE 11.



WESLEY W. BISHOP, THE NORWICH, CONN., POISONER, SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

### A Stupendous Swindle.

Akron, O., May 17.—A gigantic swindle originating in Scott county, Tenn., has been exposed through recent investigation of an Akron attorney in the interest of a Summit county client. At appears that some of the most prominent officials of Scott county are involved in a grand conspiracy to sell false titles to alleged mineral and farming lands, in some cases giving as many as seven different titles to the same tract. The conspirators have agents in Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago and other northern cities, and many people have been gulled to the extent of thousands of



CASH GREENWALD, EX-SCOUT, COW-BOY AND NOTORIOUS DESPERADO, OF KINSLEY, KAN.



OFFICER WILLIAM MULDOON, OF THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE, VICTOR IN THE RECENT GRECO-ROMAN WRESTLING MATCH WITH THIEBAUD BAUER.—SEE PAGE 2.

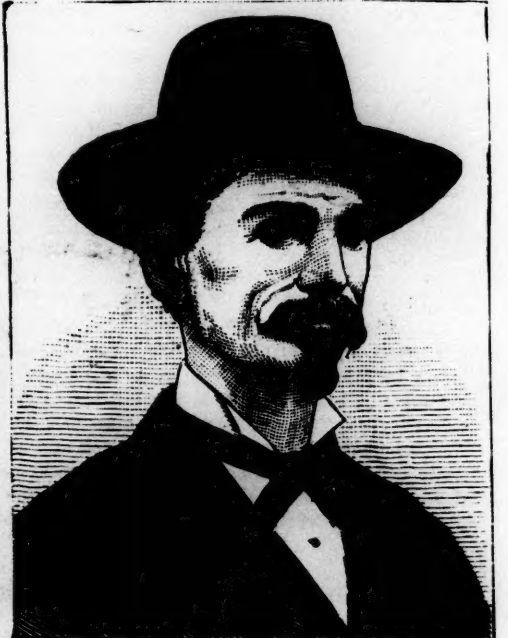
dollars. The Akron case involved a title to 166 acres, for which property worth \$1,200 was exchanged, the Tennessee title proving utterly valueless.

### A London Thief's Neat Racket.

A gentleman of great experience in the commercial world recently cashed a check at a London bank for £1,100, taking the whole in £100 notes. He was only a few yards from the bank when a person resembling a clerk, bareheaded and with a pen behind his ear, touched him on the shoulder, saying: "Beg your pardon, sir; will you allow me just to take the number of these notes again? I won't keep you a minute." The gentleman, taken off his guard, handed the notes over to the supposed clerk, whom he followed into the bank. After giving the supposed clerk time to go into the counting room he reappeared, and designating a clerk who was busily engaged, said: "That gentleman will attend to you in a minute." When the gentleman drew the clerk's attention to the case he was surprised to find that he knew nothing about it, and on hurrying to the Bank of England to stop the notes they found that the clever rogue had been there before them and turned his plunder into gold.

### Singular Grave Robbery.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., May 19.—The grave of William Nimmons, at Nimmonsburg, four miles north of this city, was robbed on Sunday night. It is supposed to have been done at the instigation of the wife of the deceased, who lives in Boston and wanted to remove the body there in op-



DOCTOR J. F. VANHORN, TEMPERANCE AND MORAL LECTURER AND ALLEGED BIGAMIST, LYONS, KAN.

position to the wishes of relatives here. There is no clue to the robbers or body. A forcible attempt to remove the body in daylight in February last was successfully resisted by relatives here.

James A. Lowell was convicted of wife murder in Lewiston, Me., six years ago, and sentenced to death. A skeleton found in the woods was accepted as that of the missing woman; but Lowell asserted that she had fled from his house with a circus man. His sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. The report now is that Mrs. Lowell is alive in the west.



ORLANDO CASSLER, HANGED AT SEWARD, NEB., MAY 20TH, FOR THE MURDER OF GEORGE L. MONROE.



## They Tried the Pass—And Passed.

John Schoeffel, manager of the Lotta Combination, says the *St. Louis Times*, was standing in the street entrance of Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, the other evening, watching with extreme satisfaction the procession that was passing into the house, when his attention was drawn to two young men with checkered ulsters and enormous diamonds, who were conferring in some earnestness with the junior Hooley, who presides at the box office. "Want a pass, I suppose," thought he. "Don't get it this trip, all the same." Presently he saw the treasurer point him out, and directly after the pair approached.

"Say! Your name Schoeffel?" asked one.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you the manager of this here show?"

"Yes."

"DO YOU PASS THE PERFESH?"

"The what?"

"The-perfesh."

"What's that?"

"Aw, don't screw yourself too high. Do you pass the perfesh?"

"Do you mean the profession?"

"Why, cert—the perfesh."

"That depends. Who are you?"

"We're McGlannahan and McGlabberty."

Each instantly put his hand on the other's shoulder and danced three or four steps as they sang—

Oh! I hate to tell,

But then I must,

winding up by suddenly raising their hats and striking an attitude.

"Song-and-dance men, are you? Sorry, but I can't pass you."

"W-w-well, I'd be blamed," said one,

INCREDULOUSLY ASTONISHED.

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Schoeffel, "I can't let you in—I'm turning people away from the house that want to pay money to get in. How do you suppose I can afford to give you room?"

"Then you won't pass us in?"

"No."

"That settles it. Your name's Schoeffel, is it?" (producing a piece of paper.)

"Yes, my name's Schoeffel."

"Got a pencil? Lemme take it."

Mr. Schoeffel let him take it.

"How do you spell that ungodly name of yours?"

"S-c-h-o-e-f-e-l—Schoeffel."

"S-k-o-w. Do you know what I'm going to do?"

"No."

"I'm going to give it to you in the perfesh. I'm going to write you up strong and send it to my friend, Frank Queen, of the *New York Clipper*."

"Oh, you are, are you?" And hereabout Schoeffel BEGAN TO LOOK EXTRAORDINARILY QUIET.

"Yes, I am. S-k-o-hus? I can't spell yer beastly old name—write it down yourself. I want to get it just right. I want to let you have it so nobody'll be able to mistake it."

"Gimme that paper and pencil," said Schoeffel, with sudden energy. "I'll write it for you, plain enough. There! (writing against the wall) J. B. Schoeffel, bigawd. There! send that wherever you like, and tell 'em I don't pass ham-fatters nor beats in the 'perfesh,' or out of it. Dy'e hear."

"All right. You'll hear from us again."

"Not if I can help it, I won't."

"The dod banged beats," soliloquized Schoeffel, when they had gone. "Dod lam their cheek. Write me up, will they! Dod lam my optics."

Mr. Hooley called him up-stairs at this juncture, and

THE INCIDENT WAS SOON FORGOTTEN.

Half an hour later Mr. Nichols stopped him at the door with, "Mr. Schoeffel, I thought you were giving me passes this week."

"I ain't."



MISS EMILY SOLDENE, ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE ARTISTE.—SEE PAGE 2.

"Well, look at this. A couple of McGlue brothers brought this in a little while ago."

Schoeffel looked at it. There was no mistaking the trick. The gentlemen of the "perfesh" had taken his wrathfully given signature and written over it the simple preface:

"Pass two."

"Where are they now?" he asked.

"Inside; shall I fetch them out?"

"Not by any means. Go take them into one of the boxes and send 'em a quart bottle at my expense."

## Curious Nuptials.

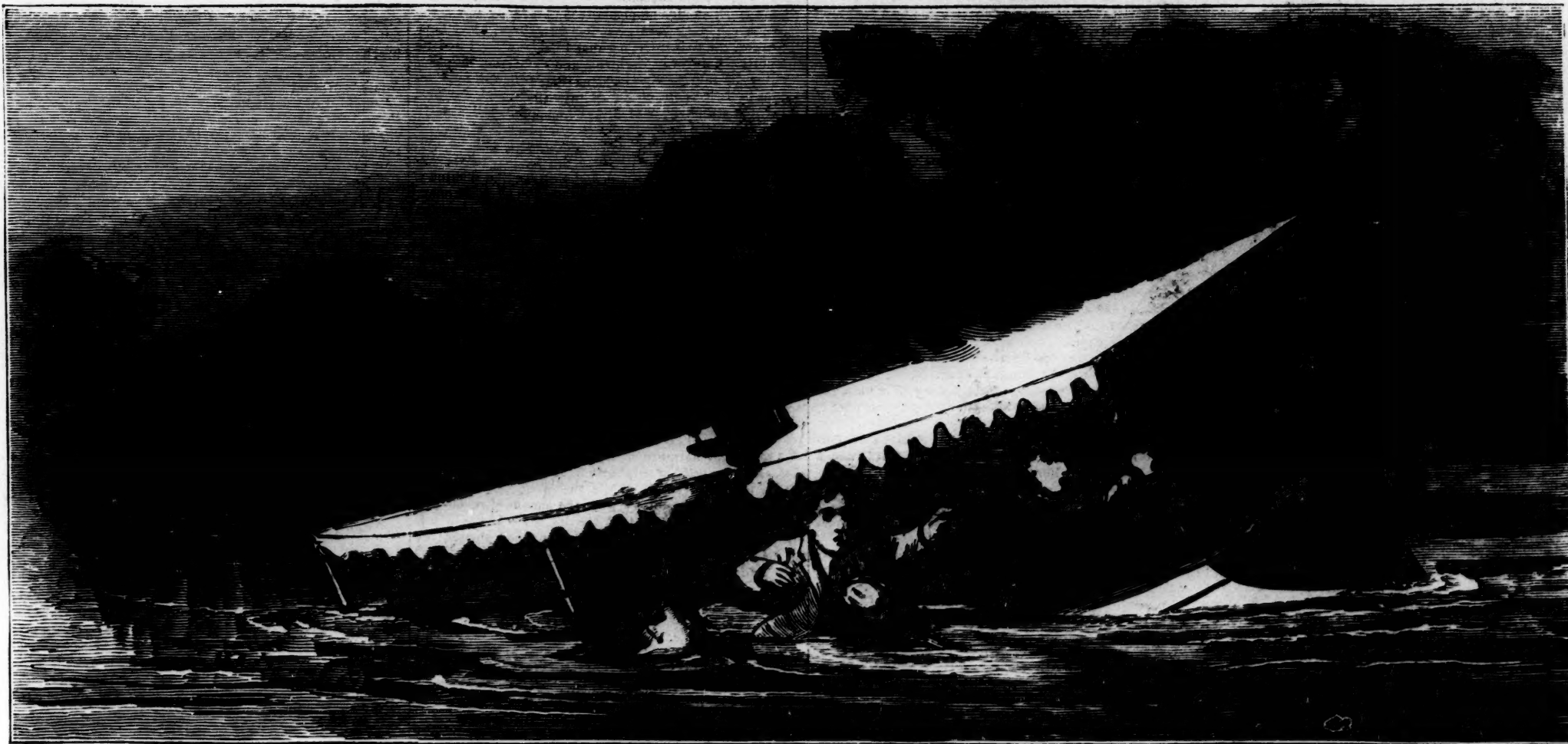
BOONEVILLE, Ind., May 14.—Luther McCoy, a young law student of this place, met with one of the most remarkable adventures on record last Friday evening, the alleged facts of which have just come to light. McCoy says he went to Rockport last Friday, to attend the Spencer county court, and while returning home about ten o'clock in the evening he was stopped by Jacob Brother and Levi Landsburg, who demanded that he should go to the clerk's office, get a license, and marry Jacob Brother's daughter, Cynthia. McCoy protested, but Brother insisted that the daughter had been grossly wronged, and reparation should be made at once. Having no means of defense, McCoy was taken by Brother and Landsburg to the clerk's office, who issued the papers, and then the trio started together for Brother's residence. A clergyman was called in, and McCoy was married to the woman. This, McCoy alleges, was all done with threats of death to him should he resist. The newly-married couple were taken to a room and locked up for the night, and in the morning the groom started for his father's house with the bride. Having told his father the circumstances of the marriage, the old gentleman took the bride back to her home, and McCoy has now brought suit to have the marriage declared null and void. It appears that McCoy and Cynthia had been engaged to be married but the former broke the engagement owing to bad reports he had heard concerning her. McCoy left here yesterday morning with an attorney to file a petition in the Spencer county circuit court, in session there, to have the marriage declared void. He returned to-day, and reports the case set for the fall term.

## Sensational Shooting Affair.

LINCOLN, Neb., May 17.—Considerable excitement was created to-night by a shooting-match, that occurred at ten o'clock, between Mrs. A. G. Barnes, wife of a well-known lightning-rod dealer here, and Dr. J. G. Denayer, a physician of specific diseases. Denayer ruined a daughter of Mrs. Barnes recently. To-night she met him near his dwelling. When he passed, going home, she fired at him, being only two feet away. He ran into his house, and as he entered the door he fired at her. She then fired again, shattering the glass in the door, and as she passed the house he replied with a second shot, which passed through her cloak, and grazed the skin on the right side. She screamed and ran home. She was arrested and placed under bonds. This will probably bring to a head an ugly state of affairs. Denayer's wife is Barnes's sister. Sympathy is entirely with Mrs. Barnes, and against the scoundrel Denayer.

## A Corpse for a Red-Fellow.

The living and dead were recently bed-fellows for nearly twenty-four hours in a Welshman's house in Cornwall. A farmer and his wife lived alone in a house. The husband was a helpless paralytic; the wife was hale and hearty. The poor man awoke one morning to find his wife, who had seemed to be in perfect health when she went to bed, dead by his side. Unable to move or to make any one hear, the unfortunate man was compelled to remain in bed all day with his wife's corpse, and it was not until evening that the neighbors broke into the house and discovered what was amiss.



HURLED TO DEATH IN HELL GATE—A FAMILY PLEASURE PARTY OF SEVEN, ON A SUNDAY EXCURSION, IN A STEAM LAUNCH, ON THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK, CAPSIZED BY THEIR BOAT STRIKING ON "LITTLE HOG'S BACK," AND THREE OF THE PARTY DROWNED.—SEE PAGE 11.



## LEFT HER HOME;

## The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

["Left Her Home," was commenced in No. 863. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

(Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.)  
CHAPTER II.  
(Continued.)

It was Fanny's first order, and she scarcely knew how to execute it.

"Lizzie!" she exclaimed, "won't you get what these gentlemen want?"

Star Varnum—for it was he—at once protested—

"No, by Jove," he exclaimed, "I want to be waited on by you and no one else."

"Well," answered Fanny, "I don't care to do it."

"What are you here for?"

"Not to wait upon men who insult me."

Star Varnum twirled his long, handsome mustache and laughingly observed to his friend, whose name was Joseph Jackson, "Joe, this is refreshing, we don't often find this sort of thing in the Bowery."

"No indeed," replied Jackson, "you'll have to go above Thirty-fifth street for it."

Lizzie Cameron was equal to the occasion. She had heard Fanny's story, and she knew who Star Varnum was.

"Give your orders, gentlemen," she said, "I'll get what you want."

"Bring a bottle of wine," replied Star.

Turning to Fanny, after Lizzie had hurried away to execute the order, Star Varnum said, "Have you got your protector with you?"

"I don't know to whom you allude," she replied.

"Oh, yes, you do, Birdie. That big fellow who so cleverly knocked me into the gutter last night. By Jove, he hit so hard that I had to have my eye painted this morning and I slept with a raw beef steak over it all night."

"Served you right," answered Fanny.

"Perhaps it did. We won't argue that point. I took you for a lady of—well, I meet you here, and I need not say anything more, for I suppose you know the kind of place you are in."

Fanny felt inclined to cry and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Don't scare her, Star," said Jackson. "The girl's new to this sort of thing."

"Is she? Then I'm sorry for her."

Lizzie Cameron sat down by Joe Jackson's side and entered into conversation with him, leaving Star Varnum perfectly at liberty to talk to Fanny.

He did not neglect the opportunity.

"How is it you cannot like me, Baby?" he asked, abandoning his rough, mocking way of talking and assuming a tender tone.

"I do not dislike you," she replied. "But—"

She hesitated and a flush mantled her cheek.

"But what?" he urged.

"We have only met twice, and it is wrong to make the acquaintance of a gentleman in the street."

"Forget that. Let us be friends."

"By all means."

"I respect and admire you, Fanny. My intentions are perfectly honorable, and I will be more of a friend to you than you imagine."

The poor girl felt grateful to him for this assurance.

In her present forlorn condition, she indeed wanted friends.

"If you had only spoken like that at first," she replied, "I would never have said anything unkind to you, but you must remember that I am a poor girl and have nothing but my name to protect me."

"Why, then, are you here?"

"My poverty, not my will, compels me."

"Have you no home?"

"Alas! no. My father has just married a woman who drove me from the house."

"A cruel stepmother, eh?" said Star Varnum.

"Yes. Lizzie Cameron is my only friend. We worked in the store together. Seeing that waiter girls were wanted here we engaged with the proprietor, and this is our first evening here."

"Surely, you are aware that this is not the place for a girl like you," he continued.

"I thought as much," replied Fanny, flushing again and casting down her eyes in modest confusion.

"Let me take you away."

"What good would that do?" she exclaimed. "I can get a living here, and I am afraid you could do nothing for me."

"You shall live under my protection," he answered, fixing a penetrating gaze upon her.

"How am I to construe that?" she asked.

"Is it not plain enough?"

"Do you offer to marry me?"

Star Varnum laughed in a quiet manner.

"You are either very artful or very innocent," he replied. "But I may as well tell you, once for all, that you are asking a little too much."

Fanny grew indignant again, for she understood his meaning now and saw how deeply he had mistaken and insulted her.

"If I cannot be a man's wife," she exclaimed, "I will not be his mistress."

Star Varnum leisurely knocked the ashes off the top of his cigar and sipped his wine.

"You are playing for high stakes, my little girl," he said, "and I cannot say that I blame you. Suppose I were to offer to marry you, what then?"

"I should take time to consider."

"You would?"

"Certainly. It by no means follows that I would accept you. I want to know my future husband for some weeks, or, may be, months, before I decide on such a weighty step as marriage."

Star Varnum bit his lips.

"It is not often," he said, "that a girl in your position attracts the affection of a gentleman like me."

"I did not seek your love."

"True, but hear me out. I am a gentleman, and the son of one of the richest men in New York. There is not a young lady on Murray Hill, that I could not have, if I wished it."

"You had best go and get one," Fanny replied, tossing her head coquettishly.

He seized her hand and pressed it warmly.

"I want you," he cried.

"So does somebody else," answered Fanny, who, though young and innocent, was not too young to flirt.

"Like all women, she knew instinctively how to tease a man."

"You mean that confounded dry-goods clerk, who assaulted me in the street," exclaimed Star.

All at once he was consumed with the pang of jealousy.

"Mr. Robert Carter, is his name," continued Fanny mischievously.

"D—Carter," said Star angrily.

"Oh! you swore," exclaimed Fanny, holding up her hands in affected horror.

"Did I? Pardon me, but when you mention that man's name I forget myself. Tell me, baby, that you do not care for him."

"On the contrary, I think a great deal of him."

"Then I am to look upon him as my rival?"

"Yes."

"So much the worse for Carter," cried Star Varnum, biting his nether lip so savagely that the blood came.

"The poor fellow loves me, Mr. Varnum," said Fanny artlessly, "he would marry me to-morrow. He works hard and has an income of sixty dollars a month. Some day we should get a store of our own, and our future would be secured."

"So you prefer him to me?"

"Well, yes, on the whole, I think I do, although I might get to like you, when I have known you longer."

"I'm going," exclaimed Varnum, throwing a ten dollar bill on the table.

"Won't you wait for your change?" asked Fanny.

"You can keep that and, see here, little quail, if I can be of any use to you, drop me a line or send me a dispatch to the Union club. Good bye. Come along, Joe."

Jackson got up from the table, cutting short an interesting conversation, he had been enjoying with Lizzie Cameron, and the two young men passed out of the gas-lit place together.

## CHAPTER III.

ROBERT CARTER IS DISCHARGED.

"A coupe was standing outside and Varnum with his friend got into it, being driven up-town."

"How did you make out with Lizzie?" asked Star.

"Oh! she is your friend and will talk to Fanny," replied Jackson.

"The girl must be mine."

"She shall be yours. If we cannot overcome her virtuous scruples, we must have recourse to a mock marriage."

"That's not a bad idea," said Star, "of course my really marrying the girl is absurd, for I could not think of throwing myself away upon her."

"Certainly not," exclaimed Jackson, "I should not be your friend if I countenanced such a thing. She is only a pretty doll and you would get tired of her in a few months."

"I guess so, though the girl has made me think a good deal of her, and the more I see her, the more I like her. This fellow, Carter, in the store is my rival, Joe, and I want you to get him discharged."

"That is easy enough. I know Workem & Starvem very well. I'll go there to-morrow."

"Thank you. If he is out of employment, he will perhaps leave the city and we shall get rid of him."

In this cool manner, the ruin of Carter was determined upon.

Carter was a young man of excellent character, whose parents lived in Maine. They were poor, and Robert had come on to New York to see what he could do for himself, being fortunate enough to obtain employment at Messrs. Workem & Starvem's.

Half his salary, he regularly sent to his father and mother, so that he was unable to save anything, and when the shock of his dismissal fell upon him, it was very severe.

Mr. Jackson succeeded in his purpose in the following manner: He called upon Mr. Workem and bought a quantity of dry-goods, being attended on by Robert.

"So you know who that man is?" he inquired.

"No," was the reply, "we advertised for additional help. He came and we put him on, without any reference or character, as he said he had just come from Maine and knew no one in the city."

"Well," said Jackson, "I know the man. He has been in the penitentiary for robbing his employers. Don't say anything to him, as he belongs to a dangerous gang. Just sack him. That's all."

"Thank you. I'm glad you told me," replied Mr. Workem, who believed every word of this infamous story implicitly.

The consequence of this calumny was that Robert was discharged that evening, the only reason for his dismissal being that business was dull and it was necessary to reduce the help.

He returned to his boarding-house with his wages in his pocket, and a little supper and retired to his room to ponder over his situation.

In a little while he felt lonely and went out.

On Broadway he was asked for ten cents by a poor man who wanted to get a night's lodging.

In the generosity of his heart, Robert drew out his pocket-book to relieve the tramp's need, when the ungrateful wretch snatched the book out of his hand and ran away with it.

In vain Robert pursued him. The thief got away, and his victim was compelled to admit the fact that he was absolutely penniless.

To add to his misfortunes, he had omitted to pay his board bill before he quitted the house.

Friendless and without a sou marquee in his pocket, his position was deplorable.

His efforts to obtain employment were all fruitless, because his late master would give him no character.

Very soon his landlady found that he was out of a situation, and requested him to pay or leave.

In this desperate condition he did not know what to do. At times, thoughts of suicide flitted across his brain, and he would walk to the river's edge and gaze mournfully at the stream.

Stifling this inclination, he sought the crowded thoroughfares and found himself on the Bowery.

A placard in the window of the Palace in which the girls were employed caught his eye:

"Man wanted to play the piano."

When at home he had at an early age evinced a wonderful aptitude for music, and, though he did not know a note, he could play almost anything by ear.

Here was a chance, at which he sprang, as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

Going inside he saw the proprietor, who told him to sit down at the instrument and "bang her up lively."

This Robert did, playing the newest and most popular airs.

"You'll do," said the proprietor. "Do you drink?"

"No, sir."

"That's good. I had to bounce the last man, because he was such an awful lush he could put away more booze than any one I ever struck. What are your terms?"

"I'll leave that to you, sir."

"If you do, you'll get nothing at all."

"Say ten dollars a week."

"Ten devils," cried the proprietor. "I'll give you five, and you must play from three till one in the morning."

The terms were miserable, but, such as they were, Robert was glad to accept them, as they kept him from starvation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

## Some Straightforward and Necessary Words About the Abused Longshoremen.

P. P. AS A PHILANTHROPIST.

## He Prowls about the Wharfs and Docks Loading up with Information.

## ONCE MORE IN THE TOILS.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

I have been real moral and high-toned the week that is gone, working, off, as it were, the guilt with which I considered myself imbued ever since the mock auction sale.

Now it was wrong in me, and if I don't reform I can see myself being a saw-dust man in the end, or even descending to the sweat-cloth or thimble-rig jobs of Coney Island beach.

They are not there any more. They skin you in the hotels instead.

After that sale and an afternoon of beer—heavens! how the pretty woman can drink Pillsner!—I dreamed all night long that I was bidding on furniture and had had eleven hundred pianos knocked down to me and on me, and that I lay crushed and mangled beneath the mass with Emeline, radiant as ever, looking down upon me and saying: "Poor Paul! He was always rash."

I had a devil of a headache in the morning, and felt small enough to go on the road as a Midget show all by myself. And that is what made me serious, and from being serious, made me inclined to do my fellow-man some good.

When I feel inclined that way there is no use stopping me. I am only a philanthropist spasmodically, but a red-hot one while it lasts. But who to help? I thought of this while taking a cocktail, and wondering how people could be so low and common and have such cast-iron stomachs as to be able to eat breakfast.

Where was there a genuine, bed-ridden widow with fifteen small children, the eldest still addicted to the bottle. That would be a capital creature to begin on, with coal and wood and groceries and a whole raft of St. John's Guild stores.

Thinking that perhaps Mr. Brady, the good-looking young man behind the bar, who was whistling "Kind Captain I've Important Information," might know a bed-ridden widow fixed that way. I asked him.

He said he knew a widow, but she had no children, and was in blooming health. It was certain I couldn't be philanthropic with her. And that was the extent of his "important information."

Suddenly it occurred to me—the longshoremen! The men on strike down by the river fronts, the rough, the roughly used creatures who work like oxen and are not half as well treated.

I must confess that previous to my acquaintance with the longshoremen, in my character as a philanthropist, I did not entertain the highest opinion of the gentleman. Such idea as I had of him was chiefly gathered from the specimen I had seen in the police court, where he seemed to be continually appearing as defendant in wife-beating cases. He was always a big, broad-shouldered, sullen-looking man, with matted hair, with something of a ferocious expression of the wild beast in his furtive eyes. He was never entirely sober, and he always glanced at the trembling woman in the chair, whose head was always bandaged with a rag dotted with crimson stains, as if he would like to do it again, damn her.

"What's your name?" asked the Judge.

He would give it.

"What do you do for a living?"

"Work 'long shore, Your Honor."

"What did you strike this woman for?"

"I don't know that I struck her, Your Honor. I was drunk."

And then would come the wife's tearful appeal to the Bench to please release him, as he was the sole support of herself and children, and she was sure he would never do it again.

And this, mind you, in the face of it, being the twentieth time, perhaps.

So you can see that it was with rather peculiar ideas regarding the class I intended to benefit as an atonement for my mock auction escapade that I made my way to the foot of West Tenth street, North river, where, I had been informed, the strikers held out and held forth. I had no difficulty whatever in distinguishing them from the other habits of the neighborhood. They were gathered together in little knots, on the street corners, and the first thing that struck me was how clean, quiet and orderly they were. Men were at work in their places at the reduced rates on the surrounding docks, but I saw no evidences of interference with them, during my rather extensive and exhaustive stroll, and am sure that whatever acts of violence may have been committed by too enthusiastic longshoremen could not possibly be deprecated more than by the gentlemen composing the committee directing the lock-out.

I call them gentlemen, advisedly, because I found them so in every particular. As we fraternized, and I unfolded my grand, philanthropic scheme of righting their wrongs, as far as lay in my power, I was taken into the back-rooms of their various saloon headquarters, and made one of them.

I will remark here, parenthetically, that being in an excessively benign mood, I should like to praise the whisky sold in West street, but the line must be drawn somewhere. If any young woman, housekeeper in a hotel, or otherwise employed, wishes to get even with elevated railroad people who trifle with their affections, and if she furthermore finds it difficult to obtain the necessary quantity of sulphuric acid at the drug-stores, do not let her despair. While the West street whisky holds out to burn she has always the means of revenge at her command. I notice that the longshoremen did not drink this wholesome beverage, but confined themselves to ale.

Now for the facts of the situation. You, who make your yearly trips in the summer across the Atlantic, have little idea of the importance of the longshoremen to commerce with. You know a good deal about ballast and bilgewater, and the like, but your information does not extend to the absolute necessity of loading a ship with mathematical exactitude. It is the longshoremen, working night and day under the eye of the boss stevedore, who does this, and if the green hands employed during his manly protest against reduction of his wages should mar the work, God pity those who sail in the vessels so improperly ballasted!

Victor Hugo, in his story of '83, describes thrillingly, the demoniac antics of a cannon that broke its fastenings, and exercised a reign of terror over the gallant ship

that it was batting to pieces. The City of Boston sailed from New York many years ago and has never yet reached port. Two theories were advanced for her disappearance: a collision with an iceberg, and the shifting of her cargo. And yet these English capitalists, who take from our country over a hundred millions every year, and yet are too mean to buy a tin panikin on this side of the water, have the audacity to attempt to reduce the paltry pay of their longshoremen, and finding that he will not submit, send their ships to sea partially loaded by green hands, while they boast of bringing from Liverpool hords of substitutes for the citizen longshoremen whose only crime has been that they have expressed a laudable desire to see to it that their wives and children shall not starve.

I write warmly on this subject, for two reasons. First, because I am philanthropically interested; and second, because it is impossible to do anything else than write warmly, if you write at all, during this kind of weather.

I halt here for the purpose of taking a mint-julep. All philanthropists drink mint-juleps. Howard, the great prison reformer, was particularly fond of them, and was once fined \$10 for being so thoroughly philanthropic after his thirteenth, as to insist upon getting some humane ideas into Mrs. Howard's brain with the aid of a towel-roller. You won't find this fact in the ordinary accounts of the life of Howard, because it was suppressed at immense expense by the family. It is reserved for a brother philanthropist to give it to the world.

Desirous of seeing the operation of unloading a ship, I went down upon the wharf at which lay one of the steamers of the Anchor line. About fifteen or twenty miserable, ragged, ill-fed-looking creatures were dashing around with trucks, and taking their turn to receive the boxes and barrels swung up from the hold. Some were burly fellows, to whom trundling the load to the far end of the shed was mere child's play, but it was not so by any means in every case. I noticed one young man, delicate, refined in appearance, but evidently very sick, who broke down after he had gone three lengths of his truck from the gangway. I trembled for him, as I expected that he would be discharged and therefore lose the pittance which he earned for the service for which he was unfit. You can therefore imagine my astonishment, when a big, broad-shouldered fellow resting with an empty truck, took in the situation at a glance, and handed his unloaded truck to the exhausted man, while he hauled the loaded one right merrily along to its destination. This was repeated three or four times; in fact, until the dinner hour, when the young man had a chance to recuperate.

Having become interested in this young man, I watched him closely, and the more I noticed him the more I was convinced that I had seen him before. So, when the bells clanged and the whistles blew I made bold to pass right by him and look him narrowly in the face. I was not mistaken. It was Pittsburgh!

Here was a chance for moralizing. And, going out on the string-piece, I moralized. A few months back, this young man, a trusted employe of a Pittsburgh firm, spending his money in carriages, wine and bouquets for the girl with the black eyes and the trailing gold neck chain; then arrested for theft and arraigned at the Jefferson Market bar, and now forced to work, under the broiling sun on a New York dock, for the price of a meal and the rental of a filthy bed!

Whether you believe in honesty as an abstract principle or not, always bear in mind that there is no truer saying in the language, "it is the best policy." Of course, this does not include the cases where you are not caught. Such were my reflections, and you will admit that they are far from those of a mock auctioneer when I became conscious of the fact that I was once more a chippy bird, and the cobra di capello was near at hand. I didn't need to turn. I detected the perfume of her dress above the tar, lobster-shells and old cordage of the wharf. I felt her little hand glide beneath my arm, and I knew that I was a goner again, a silent partner in some fresh, dark deed, before she said, with that voice of siren sweetness:

"Why, Paul, what brings you here?"

"Suicide, madame," I answered, "remorse, despair. A moment ago I was a philanthropist. What am I now? Where am I? Who am I?"

"You're a dear good fellow," she answered, "and you are going to wait until that steamer comes in," pointing to one slowly forging up the river. "It is one of the French line," she continued, "and I am going to drive there immediately, and you are going with me. I had business here on the Anchor pier, and luckily saw you."

"Am I to bid on anything?" I said, getting into the carriage.

"No, you silly," she replied with a laugh, "this is an entirely different kind of business."

"Is it shady?" I queried.

"Well, it is slightly umbrageous, Paul."

"I thought so," I moodily rejoined. "Pray tell me when I am to commit a murder. I want to make a memorandum of it."

"If you go on talking that way I shall not take you to lunch after transacting our business."

"And what kind of business is it? Are you importing Southdown muttons or Bessemer steel?"

"Nothing of the kind," she answered, with a charming shrug. "My invoice is more modest than those."

"Ah," I replied, a light illuminating my enfeebled brain, "you intend to—"

"I intend," she demurely replied, "to get my lace-work in. Now here we are, and there is the steamer making fast. You sit in the carriage and look eminently respectable. Somebody may be arrested, and then I will wait you for bail."

"Oh, Lord," I ejaculated, falling a crushed heap in a corner of the vehicle, "there's a lightning change for you! One moment a philanthropist, and righting the wrongs of the down-trodden working-men, the next a smuggler."

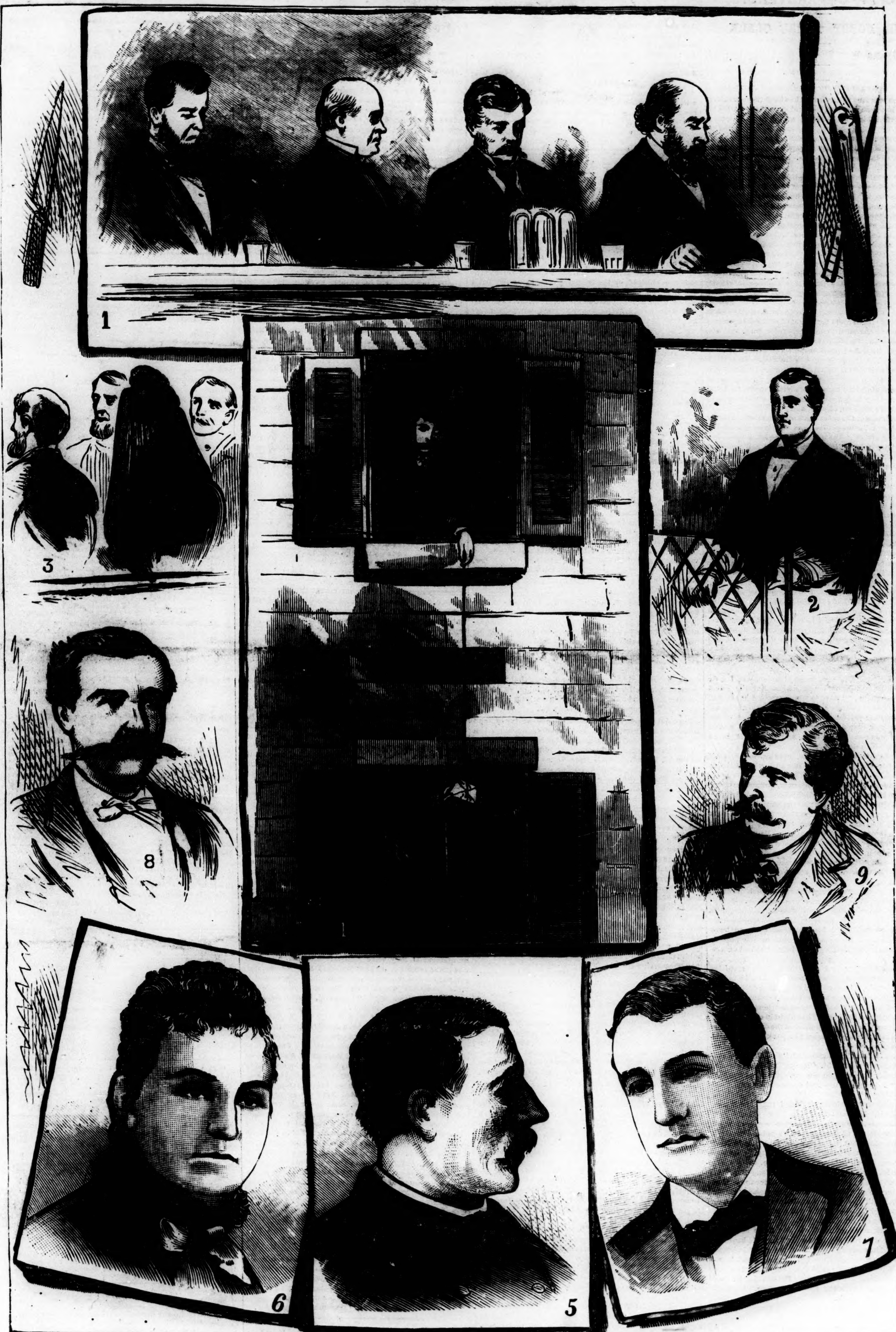
The London *Figaro* says: "Miss Kellogg has been interviewed, and declares her rumored fortune is all moonshine—that while she is young she intends to spend her money, that she proposes to sojourn some years in Europe and that she has unlimited faith in Mr. Maurice Strakosch, who has paid her many pretty compliments. Miss Minnie Haack has been interviewed, and she says she has made it up with Mr. Mapleson, though she thinks it very hard the long-headed impresario won't let her play *Eta in 'Lohengrin'*. Mr. Max Strakosch has been interviewed and he says he thinks he is lucky to Madame Marie Roze. Madame Marie Roze has been interviewed, and says she will sing in Paris and London before she returns to America. Mrs. Foli has been interviewed, and says she hasn't much opinion of anybody, except, of course, her husband. Mr. Henry Mapleson has been interviewed, and expresses his opinion that Madame Marie Roze is the greatest of all artists, and the most amiable of all women. Signor Campanini has been interviewed, and says he should very much like to know why that Signor Fancelli (*vox et proterva nithi*), is announced in the prospectus, and, lastly, Mr. J. H. Mapleson has been interviewed, and had so bad an attack of gout that he could say nothing but a big, big D."

HAMLIN, under sentence of death in the Connecticut prison, sells photographs of himself and gives the proceeds to the widow of the man he murdered, in token of his penitence for his crime.









THE TRIAL OF MRS. JENNIE R. SMITH AND HER ALLEGED PARAMOUR, COVERT D. BENNETT, FOR THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND, POLICE OFFICER RICHARD H. SMITH, IN THE HUDSON COUNTY COURT HOUSE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.—SEE PAGE 7.

1—The Bench: Judges Fry, Brinkerhoff, Garretson, and Knapp. 2—Bennett on the witness-stand acknowledging the existence of improper relations between himself and the wife of the murdered man. 3—Mrs. Smith listening to Bennett's damaging admissions. 4—Postal facilities between the accused in jail. 5—Officer Richard H. Smith, victim of the mysterious tragedy. 6—Mrs. Jennie R. Smith. 7—Covert D. Bennett. 8—Attorney General Stockton. 9—Ex-Senator C. H. Winfield, Counsel for the Defense.